

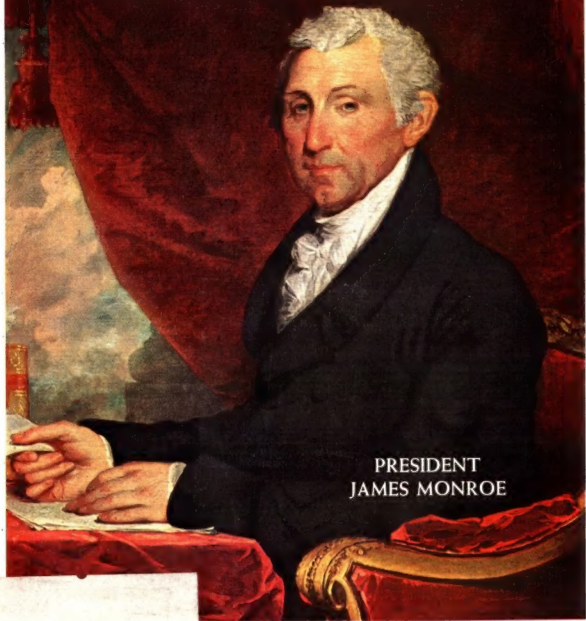
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 21, 1962

THE MONROE DOCTRINE
and
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TIME

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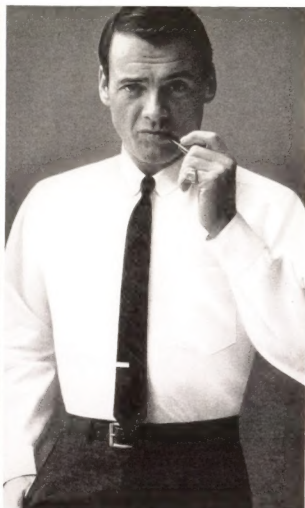
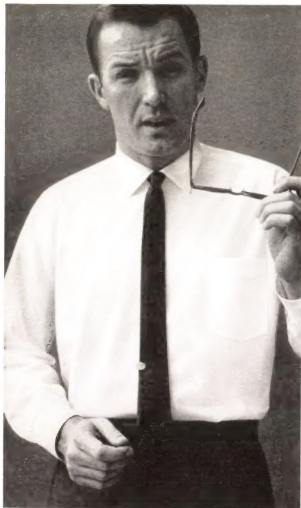


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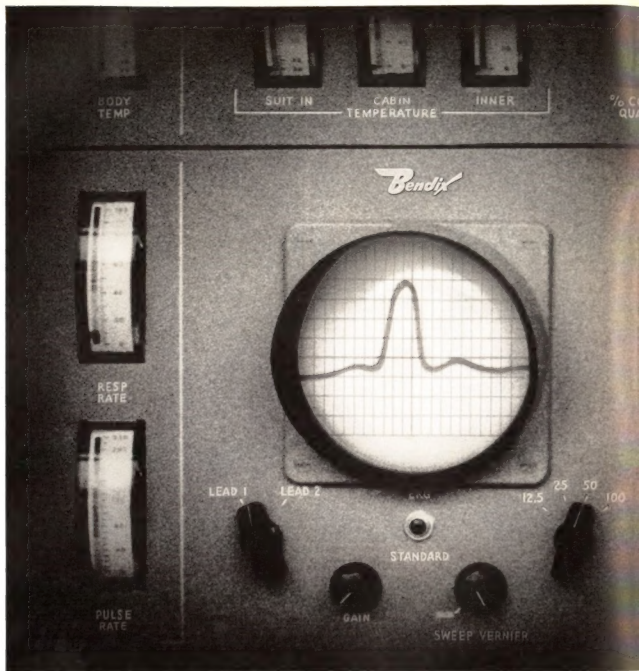
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Gift. A stylistic *tour d'esprit* that is the most original U.S. movie released so far in 1962. Subject: a creative crisis in the life of a middle-aged painter. Director: a 35-year-old commercial artist named Herbert Dansk. Length: 40 minutes. Production cost: \$3,123.17.

Guns of Darkness. Something of a sleeper: a routine south-of-the-border bit that develops into a philosophical thriller of remarkable moral insight.

The Girl with the Golden Eyes. When a rake and a dyke fall in love with the same girl, almost anything can happen, and practically everything does in Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's skillful but *vieillesse* version of a tale by Balzac.

The Best of Enemies. War is heck in this comedy of military errors set in Ethiopia and starring David Niven and Alberto Sordi.

War Hunt. War is madness in this tragedy of military stalemate set in Korea and starring John Saxton.

Money, Money, Money and how to make it—without getting caught. France's Jean Gabin makes a charming fiscalawag.

A Matter of WHO. Agent Terry-Thomas of the World Health Organization in a cloak-and-needle WHOUnit about viruses and villains.

Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man. A charming, romantic study of the youthful Hemingway, as he saw himself in the Nick Adams stories: a boy who couldn't go places until he had cut the apron strings.

Bird Man of Alcatraz. Burt Lancaster gives his finest performance as a murderer who in prison becomes an ornithologist.

Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave are off-the-beaten-trail westerns about men who seek the brotherhood of man in the motherhood of nature.

The Concrete Jungle. A sophisticated British thriller in which some of the best lines are written for a saxophone.

The Notorious Landlady. A silly summer shocker with Kim and Lemmon.

Lolita. A baby-satyr (James Mason) and a pseudo nymphet (Sue Lyon) are featured in this witless wonder that resembles no book of Nabokov.

TELEVISION

Wed., Sept. 19

The Virginian (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new series more or less based on Owen Wister's novel, with James Drury as Gary Cooper.

Thurs., Sept. 20

Wide Country (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new series based on the derring-do of Rodeo Champion Mitch Guthrie.

Pro Football Explosion (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A film-clip history of the National Football League, its great moments and great players.

Fri., Sept. 21

Fair Exchange (CBS, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new sitcom that involves

* All times are E.D.T.

two families, one English, the other American, who have switched teen-age daughters for a year.

Don't Call Me Charlie! (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). PREMIERE of still another new situation howler about a young Iowa veterinarian who is drafted into the Army and stationed in Paris.

The Jack Paar Show (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). PREMIERE of Jack's new weekly variety series. Tumbling out of the easy-going midnight hours into hot, concentrated prime time, many a performer has been burned to a crisp. Will Paar char? Tune in and watch the fun—or the funeral. Color.

Sat., Sept. 22

Magic Midway (NBC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). PREMIERE of a new children's series full of circus, magic and variety acts.

Reading Room (CBS, 12:30-1 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new series intended to stimulate the reading habit in children 8 to 12.

Sun., Sept. 23

McKeever and the Colonel (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new comedy series about a military school, with Jackie Coogan, Allyn Joslyn, and Scott Lane.

Ensign O'Toole (NBC, 7-7:30 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new salt-water series about crew members of a U.S. destroyer operating in the Pacific, with Dean Jones, Jay C. Flippen.

The Jetsons (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new animated cartoon series by the same producers who draw *The Flintstones*. The Jetson family lives a few hundred years hence, but the corn is contemporary.

Opening Night at Lincoln Center (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Philharmonic Hall, the first building to be opened at Manhattan's new lodestone for the performing arts, is inaugurated with a benefit performance by Conductor Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Program: the *Gloria* from Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, the world premiere of a new work by Aaron Copland commissioned for the occasion, Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music*, and Part I of Mahler's *Eighth Symphony*. Chorus: the Schola Cantorum, the Juilliard Chorus, the Columbus Boychoir. Soloists: Adele Addison, Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Eileen Farrell, Jennie Tourel, Shirley Verrett-Carter, Donald Bell, Charles Bressler, George London, Robert Merrill, Richard Tucker, Jon Vickers.

The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). With still pictures, old films and filmed personal commentary, Herbert Hoover delivers a personal memoir of Wilson, concentrating on the years 1917-21.

Mon., Sept. 24

Opening Night (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). A comedy special with Jack Benny, Andy Griffith, Garry Moore, Lucille Ball and Danny Thomas.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Shattered Glass, by Jean Ariss. A flawed but beautifully rendered novel of

love between two matrimonial losers who find the courage to love and lose again.

Boswell's Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, Edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. This latest-to-be-edited volume of Boswell's journal cannot deepen the portrait of Johnson, but Boszzy's entertaining chatter continues delightfully as he describes the doctor, a great bag of prejudice and conversation set atop a tiny horse, clambering over the wet Scottish islands.

The Death of the Adversary, by Hans Keilson. In this dark novel, the author, a German Jew, tries with some success to untread the fabric of hate: Why did the Germans, Jew and Gentile, acquiesce so passively in Hitler's crime of Jewish extermination?

The Birds of Paradise, by Paul Scott. A down-and-out middle-aged man is obsessed by the memory of a summer house full of beautiful stuffed birds: a symbol of the rich confusion of his childhood in India.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead. The author supplies a skillfully written companion volume to his excellent popular history, *The White Nile*, tracing the trading and war-making along Nile's shores from the 18th century to the present.

Big Mac, by Erich Kos. A Yugoslavian social satirist shows how everyone conformably sings the praise of a great, useless whale when it is lugged into Belgrade.

Unofficial History, by Field Marshal the Viscount Slim. The briskly written memoirs of a British general who fought in both World Wars and enjoyed many minor skirmishes in between.

The Inheritors, by William Golding. In the dawn of consciousness, the new race, Homo sapiens, exterminates the Neanderthal men, demonstrating the author's point that history moves in blind ways.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. A last, loving look at Yoknapatawpha County, where the violence of earlier novels is replaced by high comedy.

The Scandalous Mr. Bennett, by Richard O'Connor. A diverting chronicle of fabled New York *Herald* owner James Gordon Bennett Jr., whose eccentric doings were calculated to raise both his paper's circulation and his own blood pressure, and did.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (1, last week)
2. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (2)
3. *The Prize*, Wallace (6)
4. *Another Country*, Baldwin (5)
5. *Dearly Beloved*, Lindbergh (3)
6. *Uhuru*, Ruark (7)
7. *The Reivers*, Faulkner (4)
8. *Hornblower and the Hotspur*, Forester
9. *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger
10. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone (8)

NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (1)
2. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (2)
3. *O Ye Jigs and Juleps!*, Hudson (4)
4. *Sex and the Single Girl*, Brown (3)
5. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (7)
6. *Who's in Charge Here?*, Gardner (6)
7. *Vecek—as in Wreck*, Vecek (9)
8. *JFK Coloring Book*, Kannon and Roman
9. *One Man's Freedom*, Williams (8)
10. *The Blue Nile*, Moorehead



Man of the world

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first-hand knowledge of the development of West Germany, and of the Common Market. Since then, special assignments have included South America (to study the extent of Communist influence in four countries) and most recently, the Congo.

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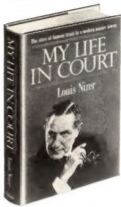
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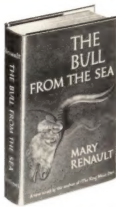
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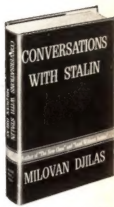
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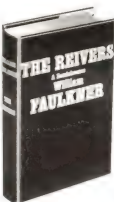
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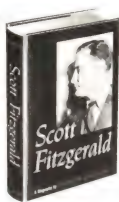
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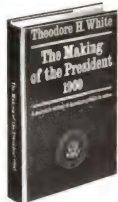
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LETTERS

The Senator

Sir:

As an independent voter, I was much impressed by your excellent article on Senator Dirksen (Sept. 14), and found myself leaning strongly toward him until I read his remark, "There was no Wall under President Eisenhower."

Now I find myself wondering if I can vote for a man who represents such cockeyed reasoning. There was no Civil War under Buchanan; does that make him a better President than Lincoln?

LEONARD ROSENTHAL

Winnetka, Ill.

Sir:

A most excellent cover portrait of Everett Dirksen. My vote goes to Senator from Illinois for President of the U.S. in 1964.

JAMES D. JOHNSON

Wheaton, Ill.

Sir:

Even as a Democrat, I cannot help recognizing Dirksen as a great man. I even like his eccentric hairdo.

(MRS.) DORIS CONDON

Rockford, Ill.

Sir:

Kudos to writer Jesse L. Birnbaum, who must have caught the Senator's golden thesaurus as it was exhaled. His apt descriptive phrases rival the master's.

ALMA G. WILLIS

Rochester, N.Y.

Smallpox Story

Sir:

Re "Jimmy Orr's Fateful Journey" [Aug. 31]: you say we visited a ranch where the children were ill with pox, "but nobody paid much heed or knew what kind." Only Jimmy visited the ranch; and it was in another home, where Jimmy went to call, that they found the sick children. Jimmy remembered all this while on the train to Toronto, when he saw the spots beginning to appear. He knew he had been exposed to what is fairly common in southern Brazil, *varicella* (the Latin word for chicken pox).

In view of this, plus the outward appearance and the mildness of the case, many a less conscientious or less thorough doctor than our Toronto friend would have continued to think of it as chicken pox.

We are extremely sorry, and humbly apologize, for the inconvenience caused to so many along our route. We are thankful that apparently no one contracted the disease.

We hope that the Brazilian health officer who refused to vaccinate us be not blamed too harshly. Let the blame fall on us for not insisting. He is a man swamped with work (shootings, knifings, surgery) such as few North American doctors know about.

We also hope that no blame may fall upon the U.S. Immigration officer at Ildelford who accepted the certificates of immunity. For 27 years we have traveled back and forth and never heard of "international" certificates. We and others of whom we know have used simple vaccination certificates issued by public health officers.

(MRS.) MARY E. E. ORR

Spanish America Inland Mission, Inc.
Toronto

Cuba Arms

Sir:

First I read TIME's article on Cuba [Sept. 14]. Then came the evening paper headlining the Soviet Union's latest threat, and I have never in my life been so downright mad. Because of our President's indecision and hesitation, the thorn in our side has become a boil.

My husband is a professional marine and I have two small children, so I have good reasons for not wanting a war. But—if our leaders do not now tell the Russians to get out of the Western Hemisphere and back up the words with action, then God help the U.S.—no one else will be able to.

MRS. C. V. LYNN

Minneapolis

Sir:

The blatant jingoism of your call to invade Cuba is shocking. You should at least indicate the many reasons why this would be an "easy choice." In fact, our current policy is doing very well; it makes it clear to Latin American countries just what the consequences of Communism are, and they are coming around to our point of view faster this way than if we made a stupid martyr out of Castro.

CHARLES PERROW

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

The Soviet buildup in Cuba suggests that it is time for a Harvard undergraduate thesis titled *Why Kennedy Slept*.

M. H. BELL

New York City

Author, *Under*

Sir:

Your reference to Representative Charles E. Goudell as "co-author of the retraining measure" [Aug. 24] is not factual and should

be corrected. In May of 1961, I introduced the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1961, and on the same day, Senator Clark of Pennsylvania introduced the companion bill in the Senate.

This particular piece of legislation is very important to me—for I have been trying to get such a program enacted by Congress since 1956 under Mr. Eisenhower's Administration, but no help or encouragement was given by the Republican Party—or any member thereof—until early this year when it was apparent that the legislation would pass and President Kennedy would get the credit he so rightfully deserved for trying to start a long-overdue program, one that will help our unemployed who have seen their jobs eliminated with the increasing use of automation and other technological advancements by industry.

ELMER J. HOLLAND

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Minister or Executive?

Sir:

TIME erred in the article "Pastoral Pay" [Sept. 14] in saying that the average minimum salary for a priest in the Diocese of Southern Ohio is \$8,500.

I am sure that anyone who understands clergy salaries will realize what is involved in the \$8,500 salary. It represents base salary plus housing, plus pension, and, on some occasions, a travel and utilities allowance.

(THE RT. REV.) ROGER BLANCHARD
Bishop

Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio
Cincinnati

Sir:

I am unhappy with the morbid sort of pride that says, "I am proud to accept poverty for my Lord." As far as it is possible, a minister should receive an adequate salary.

On the other hand, and more important, I protest against the viewpoint that establishes the worth of a minister by the amount of his salary and by the size of his church. I protest against the whole attitude that a pastor can "work his way up" in the ministry, meaning that his ultimate goal is to become a kind of top executive. I protest against the usual definition of a minister's "competence," meaning how well he can lead, organize, and raise money.

I wonder, seriously, what many of us would do if our affluent society suddenly became nonaffluent and the people who pay our salaries suddenly became poor. Would we remain in the ministry?

(THE REV.) ROBERT W. DRECHSLER
Pike Federated Church
Pike, N.Y.

The Well-Drilled Student

Sir:

Here at the end of another too-long school vacation, I find myself desperately weary of trying to interest my two children in anything mentally better than the average level of learning offered by our present-day school system.

I wholeheartedly agree with Reese Fuller and the Arizona Language School's no-nonsense approach to teaching [Sept. 7]. In a country where education should be looked upon as the salvation and hope of a free world, we are too inclined to indulge our young minds in permissive learning, idle summer months, and a "just keep up to normal" attitude.

(MRS.) D. B. BARBARA BOLANDER
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

"Hard-Driving" Teacher Fuller has activated his charges to that efficient, machine-

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

GILBERT STUART once said, in a wry comment on the grand work of his mentor, Benjamin West, that "no one would paint history who could do a portrait." Stuart went on from there to produce a great and unique visual record of American history expressed in portraits. This week's cover of President James Monroe is part of that record.



STUART SELF-PORTRAIT

President Monroe sat for Stuart in Boston early in July 1817, four months after he had taken office in his first term, and while he was on a trip inspecting military installations. The *Essex Register* of Salem, Mass., in an item from Boston dated July 10, 1817, reported (using a sometime spelling of the painter's name): "Early the last three mornings previous to his departure, the President has had sittings at Mr. Stewart's room." The Newburyport *Herald* later shed more light on the trouble a President would take to reach a painter in that era: "A few days after the arrival of Mr. Monroe in Boston, he went out early one morning in his carriage to sit for his portrait to Mr. Stuart. Not knowing his dwelling, he stopped a country man seated on his cart, and enquired for Mr. Stuart's house. The country man looked steadfastly at him. 'It is the President, I vow,' said he to himself, and instinctively taking off his hat, he gave three loud and hearty cheers, and drove off, leaving the President unanswered and astonished."

What Stuart produced from these sittings was a bust portrait on wood. The painting used for this week's cover (oil on canvas, 40 in. by 32 in.) is one of Stuart's famed replicas that he did from his originals for the plain purpose of making money (perpetually in financial trouble, Stuart fled England in 1787 owing £80 for snuff, and died in 1828 leaving a pile of debts

STUART SELF-PORTRAIT

and a priceless heritage of paintings). This oil was one of a set of the first five Presidents done by Stuart on commission from a Boston picture dealer. The set was in storage in the Library of Congress when in 1851 a fire destroyed all except the Monroe portrait and that of President James Madison. Eventually, the Monroe oil came into the possession of Seth Low, president of Manhattan's Columbia University (1890-1901) and second mayor of New York City (1902-04), who bequeathed it to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. The museum took possession of the painting in 1929, in what was believed to be the original frame, and it hangs at the American Wing.

Painter Stuart, who always stubbornly insisted on putting to canvas exactly what he saw, also left behind a stern point of view that can serve journalists as well as painters. To a proud husband who complained that Stuart had failed to capture his wife's elusive beauty, the artist replied: "What damned business is this of a portrait painter? You bring him a potato and expect he will paint a peach!"

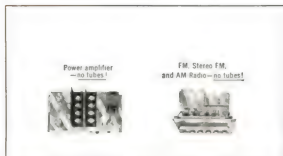
◊ And the second Stuart portrait to appear on the cover of TIME: First: George Washington, issue of July 6, 1953.

◊ From a pen-and-ink sketch drawn on the back of a letter to a friend, probably at about the time he painted Monroe.

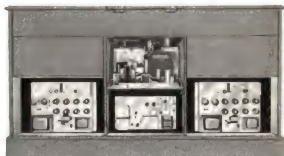
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THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

The Durable Doctrine

[See Cover]

The hour—6 p.m.—was unusual for a presidential press conference. So was the occasion. So was the tingling of high excitement that filled the room. The U.S., fretful and frustrated about the buildup of Russian arms and military personnel in Cuba, anxiously waited to hear what President Kennedy would say about his Cuba policy.

Politicians and private citizens had been barraging Kennedy with demands that he "do something." Moscow, having the time of its life, had issued a statement warning Kennedy that he had better do nothing if he wanted to stay out of trouble. The U.S., said the Russians, "cannot now attack Cuba and expect that the aggressor will be free from punishment for this attack. If such attack is made, this will be the beginning of unleashing war."

Kennedy was calm. He came with a prepared statement, which he read with force. But its well-formed sentences did not shift the debate or alter any previous views; they did not change the policy of "containment" and watchful waiting which the President has espoused to date.

"Whatever Must Be Done." Castro, said the President, is "in trouble. Along with his pledges for political freedom, his industries are stagnating, his harvests are declining, his own followers are beginning to see that their revolution has been betrayed." As for those shipments of Communist weapons, they "do not constitute a serious threat to any other part of this hemisphere." Accordingly, "unilateral military intervention on the part of the U.S. cannot currently be either required or justified.

"But let me make this clear once again," Kennedy went on. "If at any time the Communist buildup in Cuba were to endanger or interfere with our security in any way . . . or if Cuba should ever attempt to export its aggressive purposes by force or the threat of force against any nation in this hemisphere, or become an offensive military base of significant capacity for the Soviet Union, then this country will do whatever must be done to protect its own security and that of its allies."

But doing "whatever must be done" is not a policy; it is a taken-for-granted imperative for any Administration in any crisis. Kennedy's statement failed to still

voices that had been raised against his inaction in the Cuba crisis. And in the absence of a more positive policy, there was increasing talk about a solid rock upon which current U.S. action against Cuba might be based.

That rock is the Monroe Doctrine.

Nikita Khrushchev considers the Monroe Doctrine a corpse. Said he in 1960: "Now the remains of this doctrine should

Spruille Braden, onetime Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, called for a U.S. military invasion of Cuba in the name of the Monroe Doctrine.

Prodding the President, Harry Truman, in his own way, was all for Monroe. "The reason we're in trouble in Cuba," he said, "is that Ike didn't have the guts to enforce the Monroe Doctrine." In less



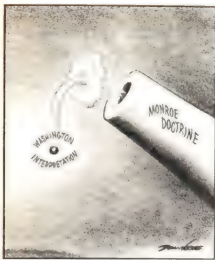
MONROE EXPLAINS DOCTRINE TO HIS CABINET IN 1823.
For generations, then, until 1962, since proven by history.

best be buried, as every dead body is, so that it does not poison the air by its decay." Some Americans even including some officials of the U.S. Government look upon it as, if not quite dead, then at least moribund. It is "out of date," says Eleanor Roosevelt.

But others think differently. Last week New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating declared on the Senate floor that the Monroe Doctrine, cornerstone of American foreign policy, has been violated. "In a letter to the President, Texas' Democratic Congressman O. C. Fisher called for a naval blockade of Cuba and invocation of the Monroe Doctrine, "since the Soviets have now openly and brazenly violated the very essence of that policy," Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas J. Dodd said the U.S. "should invoke the Monroe Doctrine to proclaim a total embargo" on Communist military shipments to Cuba. Old Latin America Hand

rough language, other politicians of both parties indicated that they felt the same way about Kennedy. South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond said the President's comments on Cuba "indicate strongly that the Monroe Doctrine has recently been reinterpreted with major omissions." In the Senate debate on the Administration request for stand-by authority to call up 150,000 reservists, Republicans urged amendments to prod the President into taking action against Castro. Connecticut's Prescott Bush offered an amendment declaring that the U.S. "has the right and obligation" to end Communist domination of Cuba. His amendment, said Bush, would put Russia on notice "that the Monroe Doctrine is not dead, but remains an integral part of

* Including Secretary of State John Quincy Adams (far left), and Secretary of War John Calhoun (third from right).



BEN KISSE, ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT
"MISMATCHED CALIBER"

American foreign policy and will be enforced." Iowa's Jack Miller proposed an amendment that would have "authorized and directed" the President "to take such action as is necessary to prevent any violation of the Monroe Doctrine."

Most of these comments were emotional. Many were unknowing. But in a significant sense they reflected an intense American conviction that the Monroe Doctrine—almost like the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—is an enduring cornerstone of national policy.

Avananches of Change. And so it is. In the flux of history, the most earnest pronouncements of statesmen tend to be ephemeral. The archives of nations are stuffed with decrees, declarations, edicts, enunciations, protocols and pronouncements that were meant to resound for decades but lasted only for weeks or months. Yet the Monroe Doctrine lives on in the hearts and minds of Americans—even though most of them have only the foggiest notion of what it says and means.

When James Monroe issued his doctrine on Dec. 2, 1823, most of the world's great nations were ruled by kings or emperors, and most of their subjects were farmers or peasants. Byron and Beethoven were still living. Darwin and Marx were still children. The years since then have witnessed avalanches of change that have transformed the world beyond the imaginings of the men of Monroe's time. But the Monroe Doctrine survived all the transformations and remains today a living principle of national policy.

A Cautious Man. The doctrine's durability derived in part from the character of its author, John Calhoun, who as Monroe's Secretary of War sat in on the Cabinet discussions that shaped the Monroe Doctrine, recalled his former chief as "among the wisest and most cautious men I have ever known." Calhoun meant the word cautious in a complimentary sense. Thomas Jefferson, Monroe's political mentor, wrote that he was "a man whose soul might be turned wrong side outwards without discovering a blemish to the

world." In keeping with the patient, prudent makeup of its author, the Monroe Doctrine was no slapdash improvisation. It was hammered out slowly, over many hours of thought and discussion. When it was finally presented to the world, it had the qualities of Monroe himself: plain and solid and durable as a slab of bronze.

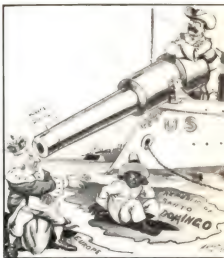
Born into the Virginia aristocracy that produced four of the U.S.'s first five Presidents, Monroe had an affinity for history in the making, and he lived his life in the thick of it. As a teen-age officer in the Revolutionary Army, he was severely wounded in a heroic charge at the Battle of Trenton. He became a captain at 19, a lieutenant colonel at 21, drew from Washington a commendation as a "brave, active and sensible officer." It was characteristic of Monroe, with his gift for being in the right place at the historic moment, that at 22 he was present at the grand victory ball in Fredericksburg, Va., after Cornwallis' surrender, mingling with George Washington, Mad Anthony Wayne, Light Horse Harry Lee, Baron von Steuben, Count de Grasse and other great captains of the Revolution.

When the Congress of the Confederation met in Annapolis, Md., two years later to consider ratification of the peace treaty with Britain, young Monroe was there as a member of the Virginia delegation, along with his former law teacher Thomas Jefferson. A member of Jefferson's Democratic-Republican Party, Monroe served three terms in the Congress of the Confederation, was elected to the Senate at 32.

As Minister to France in the 1790s, Monroe suffered his first and greatest setback: his pro-French views tangled with the Administration's policy of neutrality between France and Britain, and President Washington angrily ordered him recalled. Washington wanted an envoy who would "promote, not thwart, the neutral policy of the government." Monroe returned to the U.S. in disgrace, and it looked as if his public career might be finished, but he was liked and admired in his home state, and within a few years after his recall he bounced back as Governor of Virginia.⁹ In 1803 Monroe's old friend Jefferson sent him to France as a special envoy to help negotiate the U.S. right to navigation on the Mississippi, a cause dear to Monroe's heart. Once again in the thick of history, he arrived in Paris just in time to take part in the negotiation of the Louisiana Purchase.

"Era of Good Feeling." In what came to be called the "Virginia Dynasty," Madison succeeded Jefferson and Monroe succeeded Madison almost as a matter of course. Madison served as Jefferson's Sec-

⁹ In one version of history, Monroe's victory brought on George Washington's death. News of the election results, the story runs, reached Mount Vernon on a snowy December evening just as Washington, tired, cold and wet, returned home from a tour on horseback. Still bitter toward his former Minister to France, Washington talked long and angrily about the election without taking time to change into dry clothes. Chilled, he fell sick with acute laryngitis, died 48 hours later.



"HANDS OFF" (T.R.: 1904)

retary of State and Monroe as Madison's. Amid the military disasters of 1814, when the British briefly occupied Washington and set fire to the executive mansion, Secretary of State Monroe took over the War Department from bumbling John Armstrong, achieved the rare distinction of holding two top Cabinet posts at once. In 1816 he was elected President with the inevitability of a crown prince succeeding to the throne in a stable monarchy.

Monroe was a fervent believer in national unity. Shortly after his inauguration he set off on a national tour—a strenuous undertaking in those days—using his enormous personal popularity to help bind the nation together. The trip was a splendid success, even in New England, the old stronghold of Federalism. Cheered the New Haven *Herald*, describing the city's reaction to Monroe's visit: "The demon of party for a time departed, and gave place for a general burst of National Feeling." The Boston *Centinel* reported that the President's visit served to "harmonize feelings, annihilate dissensions, and make us one people." The paper applied the label "Era of Good Feeling" to the new Administration, and the label has stuck down through the generations.

Monroe was re-elected President in 1820 by an electoral count of 231 to 1.¹⁰ And it was in his second term that he promulgated his durable doctrine.

What It Said. From his days as Secretary of State, Monroe had taken a keen and solicitous interest in the Latin American colonies that revolted against Spanish rule; in 1822 the U.S. became the first power to recognize any of Latin America's new nations. In that same year, two potential menaces to the New World loomed up in the Old.

Alexander I. Czar of Russia, issued a ukase claiming the entire Pacific Coast of

¹⁰ Elector William Plumer of New Hampshire cast his ballot for John Quincy Adams, who said the vote caused him "surprise and mortification." Plumer later explained that he felt the honor of unanimity should be reserved for George Washington.

North America and the surrounding seas down to the 51st parallel (the northern tip of Vancouver Island). Monroe directed his Secretary of State—a prickly genius named John Quincy Adams—to draft a protest. Foreshadowing a major segment of the Monroe Doctrine, Adams informed the Russian minister in Washington "that we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishments." To the U.S. Minister in Russia, Adams wrote: "There can, perhaps, be no better time for saying, frankly and explicitly, to the Russian government, that the future peace of the world, and the interest of Russia herself, cannot be promoted by Russian settlements upon any part of the American continent."

The second threat loomed up at the congress of European powers at Verona, Italy, in the autumn of 1822. In Spain a revolution had forced the tyrannical Ferdinand VII (Ferdinand the Unloved) to accept a liberal constitution. Bent on preserving absolutism, France and the Holy Alliance powers—Russia, Austria and Prussia—decided at Verona to intervene in Spain to crush the revolution. Early the following year, a French army marched across the Pyrenees and swiftly routed the revolutionary forces.

The French invasion of Spain stirred uneasiness in Washington. It seemed possible that the Verona powers, having restored Ferdinand the Unloved to full power, might now turn to the New World and Spain's former colonies.

"Perfectly Moonstruck." While President Monroe was pondering this prospect, Britain's Foreign Minister George Canning proposed a joint declaration by the U.S. and British governments warning the European powers against any attempt to reconquer Spanish America. Canning was no friend of republican revolutions, but he valued the profitable trade

between Britain and the new nations of Latin America. The U.S. Minister in London laid down a condition: Britain would first have to recognize the independence of the former Spanish colonies. Canning bluntly balked.

That autumn, with the U.S.-British negotiations stalled on the recognition issue, the news reached Washington that the French had taken Cadix, the last stronghold of the Spanish revolutionists. In his diary, Secretary Adams recorded that Monroe was "alarmed," and that Secretary of War Calhoun was "perfectly moonstruck" with dismay.

Monroe decided that the time had come for the U.S., on its own, to warn the Old World to let the New World alone. Adams thoroughly approved of the idea of a unilateral declaration. "It would be more candid as well as more dignified," he said, "to avow our principles explicitly to Russia and France than to come in



MEXICO'S MAXIMILIAN
His disregard was fatal.

colonization by any European powers."

The second part, the heart of the doctrine and largely from Monroe's own mind and pen, dealt with the threat of European intervention in Latin America. The "political system of the allied powers" is "essentially different" from that of America, said Monroe, and the U.S. is devoted to the defense of its own system. "We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. . . . It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference."

The Best Bit of Paper. The old Marquis de Lafayette, friend of freedom and hero of the American Revolution, hailed the Monroe declaration as "the best little bit of paper that God had ever permitted any man to give to the world." But most European reaction was hostile. Prince Metternich, Chancellor of Austria and guiding spirit of the Holy Alliance, called the declaration "a new act of revolt, more unprovoked, fully as audacious, no less dangerous than the former" (meaning the Revolution of 1776). Czar Alexander I said that Monroe's message "enunciates views and pretensions so exaggerated, establishes principles so contrary to the rights of the European powers, that it merits only the most profound contempt." Even Canning, with a remote claim to being an instigator of the Monroe Doctrine, was bitterly displeased about the doctrine's barrier to British colonization in the Americas.

What especially galled the leaders of Europe's great powers was the audacity of



RUSSIA'S ALEXANDER I
His threats inspired it.

as a cockboast in the wake of the British man-of-war."

For All the World to Heed. Adams wanted to communicate the U.S. declaration to France and Russia through the normal channels of diplomacy, but Monroe decided to incorporate it into his year-end message to Congress on the state of the Union. In doing so, he made his doctrine an openly announced national policy—for all the world to heed.

The text of the Monroe Doctrine consists of two distinct parts that were separated in Monroe's message by several paragraphs dealing with other matters. The first part, basically the work of Secretary Adams, mentioned the Russian claims on the Pacific Coast, and then declared: "The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future



BRITAIN'S CANNING
His notion came first.

the Monroe Doctrine, unhacked by any commensurate military power. In 1823, in its usual state of between-wars unpreparedness, the U.S. had virtually no standing Army and only a picaresque Navy, consisting of five sloops of war.

The European powers, even those that became allies of the U.S., never accorded the Doctrine recognition. To this day it has no standing as a principle of international law. It remains a unilateral declaration, binding upon U.S. Presidents only as a traditional policy, and binding upon the rest of the world only to the extent that the world respects the U.S.'s power and determination to enforce it.

After Appomattox. Despite all the obvious obstacles—European hostility, U.S. unpreparedness, lack of legal force—the Monroe Doctrine, judged by the pragmatic verdict of history, has been an

ism virtually bypassed Latin America. In the 1850s, Britain annexed the barren Falkland Islands, now claimed by Argentina, and added to its Central American colony of British Honduras some lands now claimed by Guatemala, but in both cases the territory taken was virtually uninhabited, and no Latin American state was exercising effective sovereignty.

The Deterrent Effect. The success of the doctrine was largely in its deterrent effect: its very existence tended to stop trouble before it happened. Not until the Spanish-American War (in which the Monroe Doctrine played only a negligible part) did Europeans really look upon the U.S. as a great power; but the U.S. was nevertheless formidable enough that nations with appetites for New World territory—Britain, France, Spain and later Germany—were wary of getting involved

Germany undertook a blockade of Venezuelan ports in 1902 to force the current dictator to pay claims due to German citizens. U.S. public opinion got so aroused that the Germans called off the blockade. In 1902 Roosevelt sent two warships to Santo Domingo to dramatize the U.S. interest in settling a tense debt dispute between the island and France. Then T.R. enunciated what came to be called the Roosevelt Corollary, declaring that if a Latin American country defaults on debts or otherwise misbehaves, the U.S. is justified in intervening, "however reluctantly," in order to forestall European intervention.

Under the Roosevelt Corollary, the U.S. intervened drastically in the internal affairs of several insolvent Caribbean republics. Three countries were actually occupied and ruled by the U.S. Marines for long stretches of time: the Dominican Republic from 1916 to 1924, Haiti from 1915 to 1934, and Nicaragua almost continually from 1912 to 1933.

"Yankee Imperialism." The Roosevelt Corollary doubtless prevented European interventions in the Caribbean. But it also did grave damage in U.S. relations with Latin America. Denunciations of "Yankee imperialism" became oratorical routine for every aspiring Latin American politician.

Franklin Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy undertook to undo that damage. F.D.R. recalled the Marines from Nicaragua and Haiti, toured Latin America, signed toasts with Latin America's chiefs of state (many of them dictators who had seized office through military coups), preached the new doctrine of Pan-American amity. At the Pan-American Conference in Montevideo in 1933, the U.S. agreed to a resolution prohibiting the nations of the hemisphere from interfering in each other's "internal or external concerns." In later years, the Latins drafted and the U.S. accepted even broader bans on intervention. The current version of the ban, adopted in 1948, declares: "No state or group of states has the right to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatsoever, in the internal or external affairs of another state." Despite all these U.S. efforts to placate its southern neighbors, and despite all the economic aid the U.S. has given to Latin American nations, there is still a residue of anti-U.S. feeling. It shrinks year by year, but it remains strong enough that in many Latin American countries politicians have to be wary of openly taking pro-U.S. stands.

Policy of Nonaction. The Montevideo conference's ban on intervention in effect repealed the Roosevelt Corollary to the Monroe Doctrine. And in the eyes of many Latin Americans—and some U.S. statesmen and scholars—the Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, signed by the U.S. and the Latin American states at Rio in 1947, practically repealed the Monroe Doctrine. Under that treaty, "an armed attack by any State against an American State shall be considered as an attack against all the American States." The argument is that the basic purpose of the Doctrine—safeguarding the independence and territorial integrity of New World



DIPLOMS IN CARACAS
While diplomats talked, secret arms did the job.

enormously successful policy. Since Monroe enunciated it, not a single Latin American state has lost its independence as a result of outright aggression from outside the hemisphere. In only two instances—aside from Castro's Cuba—did New World nations fall under European rule, even temporarily. Significantly, both exceptions occurred while the U.S. was preoccupied with its own Civil War. In 1861, at the invitation of the Dominican President, Spain declared that its former colony of Santo Domingo was once again under Spanish rule; and in 1863, with the help of Mexican royalists, France set up an Austrian prince as Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. These adventures came to an end soon after Appomattox. The Spaniards got out of Santo Domingo in 1865. At the insistent prodding of U.S. Secretary of State William H. Seward, France started withdrawing its troops from Mexico in 1866, and a year later Maximilian died before a Mexican firing squad.

The Monroe Doctrine guarded not only the independence of the Latin American states, but their territorial integrity too. The violent march of European imperial-

ism in a fight. Time and again, during the latter part of the 19th century, German admirals urged their government to take over sites for naval bases in the Caribbean; every time, cooler heads insisted that the inevitable clash with the U.S. was too high a price to pay.

In short, the Monroe Doctrine, as European leaders liked to say, was presumptuous. But it worked.

Drastic Intervention. Monroe's successors not only upheld his doctrine—they extended it beyond the scope he originally gave to it. In 1845 James K. Polk declared, as the "settled policy" of the U.S., that "no future European colony or dominion shall with our consent be planted or established upon any part of the North American continent." Far broader was the Theodore Roosevelt extension of the Monroe Doctrine. Down through the 19th century, it was official U.S. policy that the Monroe Doctrine did not bar outside nations from using armed force against Latin American states to punish wrongs or to collect debts, as long as the attackers refrained from annexing territory or changing the form of government. But when

nations against aggression from outside the hemisphere—has been taken over by the multilateral Rio Pact, rendering the unilateral Doctrine obsolete.

Not so. As a declaration of national policy, the Monroe Doctrine rested upon the U.S.'s right of self-defense. The U.S., as a sovereign nation, retains that right, and it is explicitly recognized in the Rio Pact. U.S. policymakers have made it unmistakably clear that the U.S. has not surrendered that right. The late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles declared that "no member of the Rio Pact gives up what the Charter of the United Nations calls the inherent right of self-defense; that right is reserved." President Eisenhower made the same point in relation to the Organization of American States: "I think that the Monroe Doctrine has by no means been supplanted." The U.S.'s commitment to the OAS, he said, did not prevent the U.S. from looking after its own interests "when the chips are finally down." And last year, shortly after the tragic failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion, President Kennedy declared: "Let the record show that our restraint is not inexhaustible. Should it ever appear that the inter-American doctrine of noninterference merely conceals or excuses a policy of nonaction—if the nations of this hemisphere should fail to meet their commitments against outside Communist penetration—then I want it clearly understood that this Government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations, which are to the security of our own nation."

Multilateral Flypaper. So the Rio Pact did not erase the Monroe Doctrine. It only tangled the doctrine up in a lot of multilateral flypaper. Before the U.S. can invoke its own Monroe Doctrine, it must theoretically exhaust the possibilities of action under the Rio Pact. But the Rio Pact machinery would be an awkward means of coping even with overt armed attack; and it has proved to be hopeless as a way of grappling with Communist penetration by subversion, infiltration and revolution.

The U.S. did deal with Communist infiltration in Guatemala under President Jacobo Arbenz in the 1950s. But in so doing, the U.S. bypassed the inter-American machinery. At the Inter-American Conference in Caracas in 1954, Secretary Dulles persuaded the delegates to pass a resolution declaring that domination "of any American state by the international Communist movement" would call for an inter-American meeting "to consider the adoption of measures in accordance with existing treaties" (Arbenz' Guatemala voted against; Argentina and Mexico abstained). But no inter-American action followed these words; what toppled Arbenz from power was an invasion led by Guatemalan exiles and covertly sponsored by the U.S.

Communist Cuba is a far graver challenge to the U.S. and the hemisphere than Guatemala could ever have been. It is often argued that the Monroe Doctrine, the product of a simpler time, applies only to old-fashioned aggression. But in

his wisdom, Monroe spoke for generations unborn and perils unenvisioned. What he declared to be dangerous to the U.S.'s peace and safety was "any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere . . . interpolation in any form." That unmistakably applies to Cuba in 1962.

Just Get It Over With. What could the U.S. do if it decided to act on its own, invoking the Monroe Doctrine?

The choices are difficult and narrowing fast. Just 17 months ago, President Kennedy had a real chance to blast Castro out of power; but at the crucial moment of the U.S.-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion, Kennedy called off the promised U.S. air cover. Today Castro's Cuba, propped up by Soviet economic and military support, is far more dangerous than it was then. The time is gone when it

quietly informed the U.S. that they would back a U.S. invasion. Says Peru's Victor Andrés Belaúnde, former President of the U.N. General Assembly: "The presence of Russian troops in Cuba demands decisive action on the part of the U.S. I don't think Latin reaction to the U.S. action against Cuba will be unfavorable."

But the Cuba situation continues to haunt the Kennedy Administration. To Kennedy, personally, it is a bone in the throat. He would like nothing better than to get the whole thing over with, by whatever means. For all his stylish public pronouncements, in private Kennedy is wont to hark back to the Bay of Pigs opportunity and to muse regretfully: "I wonder if . . ."

One Administration argument against direct action to oust Castro is that Khrushchev might retaliate by stirring up



RUSK & LATIN AMERICAN AMBASSADORS
While the words had style, Castro grew stronger.

might be possible for Cuban exiles, no matter how much U.S. support they might get, to reclaim their homeland. And unless Castro launches an open, large-scale military attack against one of his neighbors, there is no prospect that the Organization of American States will undertake decisive action against Castro.

What remains? Some advocates of action call for a U.S. naval blockade to halt shipments of military supplies to Cuba. But that would involve grave risks (it would mean trying to stop Russian ships on the high seas) without really solving the Castro problem. The only possibility that promises a quick end to Castro—if that is what is wanted—is a direct U.S. invasion of Cuba, carried out with sufficient force to get the job done with surgical speed and efficiency.

Many Latin American leaders would welcome, either openly or secretly, just such U.S. action against Cuba. Most of Castro's closest Caribbean neighbors—Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Guatemala, El Salvador and the Dominican Republic—have

trouble in other parts of the world, possibly setting off a thermonuclear war. But if Khrushchev wants such a war, he can start it or set it off any time he wants. And if—as can be presumed from the record of recent history—he does not want such a war, it is improbable that he would feel compelled to risk thermonuclear destruction to save Castro.

When action is risky and painful, it is always tempting to men and to nations to delay in the hope that it will prove unnecessary. But history shows that postponement often increases the pain. As he ponders his problem, John Kennedy, a student of history, might well recall what James Monroe, that cautious President wrote to Jefferson in 1822, the year before promulgating the doctrine that bears his name. Monroe was explaining his decision to risk European anger by recognizing the revolutionary governments of Latin America. "There was danger in standing still or moving forward," he wrote, "I thought it was the wisest policy to risk that which was incident to the latter course."



SPACE

Moon Spat

President Kennedy last week treated himself to a two-day tour of key U.S. space installations. It popped his eyes, rattled his ears, and left him obviously inspired—except for a disputatious outbreak of the sort that has been plaguing the nation's space effort all along.

At Cape Canaveral Kennedy saw the towering, 2,800-ton service structure that will eventually house the Saturn III, the most powerful space vehicle yet off U.S. drawing boards. At the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala., Rocket Expert Wernher von Braun gave the President a 30-second static test blast from one of the Saturn booster engines. Von Braun pointed to a huge first-stage booster (prone, but pretty impressive all the same). Said he: "This is the vehicle designed to fulfill your promise to put a man on the moon in this decade." He paused for a moment, then cried: "And, by God, we'll do it!" At the St. Louis plant of McDonnell Aircraft Corp., Board Chairman James McDonnell bounced over to the microphone and announced: "This is Mac calling on the team! We have the President of the U.S. with us!" Kennedy hopped aboard an electric cart with McDonnell and chugged through the Mercury capsule assembly lines.

In Houston, where the new Mercury astronaut space center is abuilding, Kennedy got a briefing on orbital and moon-flight tactics from the Mercury astronauts, wound up the Texas phase of his trip with a ringing pep talk to 50,000 people at Rice University Stadium. Said the President: "Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the Industrial Revolution, the first waves of modern invention and the first wave of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to flounder in the backwash of the coming age of space. We mean to be a part of it. We have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace . . . We choose to go to the moon in this decade

and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard."

"That's No Good." But the U.S. race to the moon is still fizzed up by bickering scientists who are still not agreed on the best way to land there. This was made painfully evident in a strange episode that confronted the President at Huntsville.

It began when Kennedy asked Von Braun and his fellow NASA scientists about the relative merits of the moon plans. The NASA program calls for a shot into moon orbit, followed by brief exploration of the moon's surface by means of a two-man "bug," after which the explorers will blast back to the orbiting vehicle and return to earth. The al-

ternative, now discarded, called for an earth orbit from which the explorers would shoot directly to the moon. Von Braun & Co. supported the lunar orbit plan. As he spoke, the President's scientific adviser, Jerome Wiesner, who had advocated the discarded earth-orbit method, muttered, "No, that's no good." In full view of newsmen and visitors, including Britain's Defense Minister Peter Thorneycroft, Wiesner hauled off in sharp attack of the present U.S. plan.

A Little Joke. In the *o's* heat, Wiesner perspired passionately as he insisted that the lunar orbit was neither the best nor the safest way to land on the moon. As the argument continued, Kennedy scowled, folded his arms across his chest and said nothing. Vice President Lyndon Johnson hung his head and listened. Thorneycroft seemed embarrassed. NASA boss James Webb tried to mediate. Wiesner called upon Pentagon Research Director Harold Brown to support his argument. At last the President turned away and cracked a little joke that broke the spat. But as the visitors got into their cars to drive off to their next appointment, Wiesner was still talking.

"The Strain of Fame"

Some time next week, Navy Commander Walter M. Schirra Jr. is supposed to blast off on a six-orbit space trip around the earth. But last week Schirra blasted off without ever leaving the ground. And what he said sent officials scurrying for their hard hats.

Appearing in a CBS television interview, Schirra had a few words about the postorbital activities of Astronaut John Glenn, who has recently been making appearances ranging from the Seattle World's Fair to Everett Dirksen's frivolous Anti-Superstition Society, while sandwichee in some water-skiing with Jacqueline Kennedy and attendance at a Bobby Kennedy pool party.

Said Schirra: "I think John's had a pretty hard pull lately. His commitments have just about wiped him out of the space program. He hasn't been able to maintain the currency that he should have with the rest of us, and we have



SCIENTIFIC ADVISER WIESNER
But it wasn't a team.

frantic meetings trying to keep each other up to date on what he has been doing technically and what we've been doing technically. John's falling behind. We need him to help us on a lot of decisions."

Responding to Interviewer Walter Cronkite's questioning about "the strain of fame," Schirra added: "We shouldn't have to pay the penalty of publicity and being show biz in the sense of going to various gala affairs. If it's a scientific meeting where our attendance can contribute to the program, where scientists and other engineers can get some firsthand reports from us, it's our obligation to be there. Naturally, we're indebted to the country. We've got to pay them back and give them this information, but we don't have to give them an appearance. We've done that, and I sort of feel badly about having to over-commit ourselves to these extraneous appearances."

Schirra also complained about NASA's nearly 40-minute delay in flashing word to an anxious world that Astronaut Scott Carpenter's capsule had survived re-entry at the end of his triple orbit on May 24. "We knew where Scott was," said Schirra. "I was in Mercury Control, and we had six beautiful radar fixes within six miles of where Scott landed. We had telemetry after the blackout which meant he had gone through the 'G' pulse. We had a lot of information there, and yet it never came out, and it was disgusting. I don't feel badly about harpooning someone on this because if they do it to me I'm going to be furious."

When Cronkite raised a touchy question about whether the astronauts feel that no new men should be sent aloft until all of the original seven get "a fair share of missions," Schirra had another forthright answer: "I'll never deny that. If I did, I'd be lying—you know that."



ASTRONAUT SCHIRRA
It was disgusting.

THE CONGRESS

Double Victory

Protectionism may be dead. But protectionists aren't, and by platoons they paraded before the Senate Finance Committee to protest President Kennedy's program for expanded foreign trade. Last week the committee approved the program—and gave Kennedy his most significant legislative victory of 1962.

The foreign trade measure is perhaps the best and holdest of all the programs sent to Capitol Hill this year. Fashioned to meet the challenge and the opportunity posed to the U.S. by Europe's Common Market, it would extend the President's powers to negotiate bilateral tariff reductions, permit him to slash all existing tariffs by as much as 50%. More important, it would authorize the President to eliminate altogether tariffs on goods produced primarily by the U.S. and by the six member nations of the Common Market.

The Senate Finance Committee was the bill's last real hurdle. The House passed the measure last June. But then Virginia's Harry Byrd began holding lengthy hearings and, as protectionists flocked before the committee, Administration apprehensions rose. The committee vote, when it finally came, astonished even the bill's most fervent supporters. It was a unanimous 17 to 0, and it gave almost absolute assurance that the whole Senate would soon approve the Administration's program intact.

The House, by a 256-to-134 vote, gave the Administration another win in authorizing the U.S. purchase of up to \$100 million in U.N. bonds. The House version differs slightly from that passed by the Senate five months ago; it would forbid the U.S. to buy more than the total amount subscribed by other member nations. The Senate bill authorized outright purchase of \$25 million—with the rest, up to the \$100 million ceiling, to be bought only if the U.S. purchases were matched by other nations. The difference will be ironed out in a House-Senate conference.

End of the Wait

"Prejudice and pettiness have had their day," cried Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas Dodd. "Now responsibility and fairness will render the decision." After four months of sporadic hearings before a judiciary subcommittee headed by South Carolina's Olin Johnson, the Senate confirmed the appointment of a controversial Negro to the U.S. Court of Appeals. He is Thurgood Marshall, 54, longtime chief counsel to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who has been sitting as a Second Circuit (New York, Connecticut, Vermont) judge since his nomination by President Kennedy a year ago. The Senate vote was 54 to 16, with all the nays coming from Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas.



MISSISSIPPI'S BARNETT
"We will not drink genocide."

THE SOUTH

"This Righteous Cause"

As far as most Mississippians are concerned, any Negro who tries to get himself educated in a white school ought to have his head examined—and sometimes does. Four years ago, the first Negro to attempt to register at the University of Mississippi was clapped into a mental institution for a couple of weeks. Last year a Negro who sought admission to Mississippi Southern College was sentenced to seven years' hard labor on a charge of stealing \$22 worth of chicken feed. Last week Mississippi was back in the battle to keep its schools lily white.

Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black ruled that the University of Mississippi must admit Negro Air Force Veteran James Meredith. But Democratic Governor Ross Barnett has no intention of complying. He demanded that all state officials "uphold and enforce the laws duly and legally enacted by the legislature . . . and interpose state sovereignty and themselves between the people of the state and any body politically seeking to usurp such power." In invoking the doctrine of "interposition," which has been held unconstitutional, Barnett declared that "there is no case in history where the Caucasian race has survived social integration," promised that "we will not drink from the cup of genocide" by submitting to "the tyranny of judicial oppression." For his part, he was willing to go to jail rather than accept Black's order. Furthermore, he advised "any official who is not prepared to suffer imprisonment for this righteous cause" to resign.

In to Lunch

Without so much as a picket's sign or a chartered bus, Negroes last week integrated themselves at the lunch counters of about 43 New Orleans stores. The move, conducted without advance public-

ity, followed a series of private meetings between six Negro negotiators and six white leaders who had studied similar integration programs in Atlanta, Dallas and other Southern cities. The Negroes, 200 of them, simply walked into department and chain stores in small groups, sat at the counters and were served without question. Most New Orleans people seemed to be willing to accept the change. Most, that is, except for the city's white Citizens Council, which demanded a boycott of the stores, implored white folks henceforth to carry their lunch in paper bags.

POLITICS

The Lost Coattails

As campaign manager, admiring biographer and ghostwriter for Barry Goldwater, Phoenix Businessman Stephen Shadegg appeared to have impressive Republican credentials in Arizona. But they were not enough: last week, seeking the G.O.P. nomination for the Senate seat held by Democrat Carl Hayden, Shadegg took a lopsided licking. The winner: State Senator Evan Mecham, 38.

Shadegg did his level best to grab Goldwater's coattails. He constantly invoked Goldwater's name, bragged of their close association, preached Goldwater conservatism. Like Goldwater, he criticized the United Nations, blasted the New Frontier, complained about the Administration's failure to act against Cuba. But Mecham (pronounced Meek-am) managed to look even more conservative. He invited the support of the John Birch Society, which Shadegg had criticized by saying, "The oversimplified, dogmatic answers of the extremists of the far right offer little hope for progress."

Mecham demanded that the U.S. withdraw immediately from the United Nations, raked the Supreme Court with the accusation that in its school prayer decision it had "leaned over backward to

slap God in the face." Said Mecham of the Kennedy Administration: "I can't believe our leaders are traitors, as some have charged, but they certainly must be uniform when the President refers to the nation's businessmen as s.o.b.s." Like Shadegg, Mecham circulated photos of himself with Goldwater.

What wrecked Shadegg was Goldwater's decision to stay neutral; he wired all G.O.P. county chairmen that "only God and myself will know whom I vote for." The contest thus turned mainly on personality. Shadegg is recognized as one of the nation's most astute political managers, but his cold, seemingly superior personality offended many voters. Mecham, a slight man with a folksy twang, came across better. Born on a Utah farm, he was a high school salutatorian, a World War II P-51 pilot who was shot down over Germany and held prisoner, a self-made businessman who built up a 100-employee Pontiac dealership in the Phoenix suburb of Glendale. He teaches in a Mormon Sunday school, has seven children.

In defeating Shadegg, Mecham won the right to face a man who has served 50 years in Congress—longer than anyone in history. At 84, Democrat Hayden still promises to wage a vigorous campaign. Says he: "I'm not as decrepit as some people say." As proof of the difficulties confronting Mecham, Hayden could point to the fact that in his own party primary he rolled up 113,026 votes—more than his little-known Democratic opponent, Shadegg and Mecham combined.

The Long Arm of Billie Sol

The Billie Sol Estes scandal last week claimed its first elective victim. It was, ironically, a Republican and an old foe of Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman's.

As Governor of Minnesota and chairman of the state's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, Freeman tried for years to unseat stocky, moonfaced H. Carl Andersen as U.S. Representative from the rural Seventh Congressional District. But Andersen, a conservative on nearly all issues but high farm supports, seemed unbeatable; he was elected twelve times. Then, last January, along came Billie Sol.

Estes had been told that Andersen, as ranking G.O.P. member of the Agriculture appropriations subcommittee, would make a "good Republican contact." So Estes paid a visit to Andersen's office, wound up buying \$4,000 worth of stock in an Andersen family coal mine. Andersen did not bother to deliver certificates until the Estes scandal broke.

When Andersen's name popped up in the Estes investigation, many of his old colleagues cut him cold, bringing forth a piteous Andersen speech on the House floor: "Some of you gentlemen who have been shying off, come and say hello to H. Carl Andersen, come shake my hand." From home came rumbles of Republican discontent, and Andersen announced that he would run for re-election as an independent. Then, fearing the loss of his party seniority in the House, he changed his mind, entered the Republican primary. But the Minnesota G.O.P. had already en-



MINNESOTA'S ODEGARD
He unseated the veteran.

dorsed a freshman state legislator, Robert J. Odegard, 41, who campaigned against Andersen as "the rogue elephant of the Republican Party." In last week's primary, Odegard won handily, 27,643 to 15,865.

Out of the Smoke House

Spot radio commercials proclaimed that a vote against Marvin Griffin was a vote for Negroes next door and on the playing fields of Georgia. Ex-Governor Griffin, running for a return trip to Atlanta, assured an audience that there was only one way to handle integrationist "agitators." Said he: "There ain't but one thing to do and that is to cut down a blackjack sapling and brain 'em and nip 'em in the bud." Griffin hastily added that he didn't mean to be taken literally—but obviously, in some circles, he was. For as Griffin let out all the segregationist stops in the closing days of one of Georgia's bitterest, dirtiest Democratic primary campaigns, racial violence popped out like the pox:



GEORGIA'S SANDERS
He killed the comeback.



ARIZONA'S MECHAM
He beat the expert.

night riders prowled the state, there were shotgun incidents in Dallas, Leesburg and Dawson, and two Negro churches were burned to the ground.

But for Griffin, it was all to no avail. Georgians last week turned down his candidacy by a margin that must have made the state's Ku-Kluxers turn as white as their sheets. The winner, by a vote of 460,065 to 305,777, and next Governor of Georgia, was State Senator Carl Sanders, 37.

A personable, good-looking fellow, Sanders had been described as too "suave" for Georgia's political tastes. But in running against Griffin, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, loosened his tie and invaded the cotton lands (his wife Betty was once Georgia's "First Maid of Cotton"). He promised to try "to maintain Georgia's traditional separation." But he also pledged that "violence in any form will not be tolerated."

More than anything else, Sanders struck at the corruption in state government that had existed in Griffin's previous term (TIME, Aug. 24). Cried he: "The name and reputation Marvin Griffin gave our state during his administration made us the laughing stock of the nation, and it would again if he ever were given the opportunity to do so." Cried Sanders on television: "We caught old Marvin in the chicken house once, and we're not going to give him the keys to the smoke house again." The voters agreed.

Bark v. Bite

It seemed at times as though John Birch's name was on the ballot in Wisconsin's Republican primary for Governor. One candidate had the Birch Society's support and was glad of it; the other thought that was terrible, and made the most of it—and the society itself became the main issue. As the votes were counted last week, the man with the Birch backing won.



WISCONSIN'S KUEHN
He benefited from Birchism.

He was Philip G. ("Buzz") Kuehn, 42, a Milwaukee cold-storage businessman, a former G.O.P. state chairman and a longtime backer of Senator Joe McCarthy. During this year's campaign, Kuehn said he would be proud to be called "Barry Goldwater Junior." Back in July, Dr. Theodore L. Taylor, 32, a Madison dentist and head of the local Birch chapter gave his personal endorsement to Kuehn. Kuehn seemed pleased: "I will accept the support of any Wisconsin voter who thinks I am the best qualified candidate for Governor."

Candidate Wilbur Renk, a middle-road Republican, figuring that the Birch Society's support was a liability, seemed equally pleased. Crowded he: "I think I may have won the election." Kuehn tried to scoff off the criticism that came his way, joking to a group of University of Wisconsin students: "If you have been following the newspapers, you know that for the past few days I have been hacking my way out of a Birch forest. And I can tell you that the Birch bark is worse than the Birch bite."

The fuss kept up until Kuehn finally called a press conference to reject the backing of the Birch Society—"as it exists under Robert Welch," its ex-fudgemaker founder. But, said Kuehn, he would still accept the support of any individual voter, "regardless of what secret society he may belong to." He concluded: "I will not say to honest and dedicated individuals who fear and apparently are trying to combat Communism, that I repudiate them solely because they belong to a controversial organization."

Rival Renk responded confidently that "the great majority of Wisconsin's voters will show that they have no use for the hysterical approach of the far right." He was wrong: Kuehn took 57 of the state's 72 counties, won by more than 50,000 votes, and is favored to beat a colorless Democratic candidate, Attorney General John W. Reynolds, in November.

Gone Aglimmering

New Hampshire's Republican Governor Wesley Powell had plotted a bright future for himself: he would breeze to re-election this November, start barnstorming nationally for President next year, win the early-bird New Hampshire Republican presidential primary in 1960, stampee the G.O.P. national convention, and go on to unseat Jack Kennedy. All well and good—except that all these glittering plans went aglimmering last week. New Hampshire Republicans turned down Powell's bid for renomination by a vote of 55,724 to 41,000.

Defying Tradition, Powell was plainly overconfident. He did not campaign in the primary until the final five days, claimed that his activity was limited by a mild heart attack last March. At the same time, he argued that his illness should not affect his future, spent a lot of time on the golf course, fulfilled his duties as chairman of the national Governors' Conference. By failing to appoint Mrs. Dolores Bridges to the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, Re-



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PILLSBURY & WIFE
He punctured a dream.

publican Senator Styles Bridges, Powell angered influential right-wing Publisher William Loeb of the Manchester *Union Leader*. Also Powell defied the unbroken tradition that New Hampshire Governors limit themselves to two terms.

Powell had a bitter explanation for his loss. "I'm paying the penalty for not following the dictates of William Loeb," he said. "I'm paying the penalty for appointing a Catholic to the U.S. Senate [former State Attorney General Maurice J. Murphy Jr., 44]. I'm paying the penalty for a few Negroes coming to New Hampshire as reverse freedom riders. Powell had said such riders would be welcome in the state."

Big John. A more plausible factor in Powell's defeat was the dogged campaigning and colorful personality of the man who beat him: State Representative John Pillsbury, 44, of Manchester. Well-known in the legislature for his deep-lunged, shattering oratory, Big John (6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs.) quit his job as a power-company executive to stump the state. He encouraged Powell's overconfidence by starting his drive in low key, then blistered Powell in the final weeks for his "one-man rule," his "personal machine" and his "negative thinking." He claimed that Powell had short-changed education, but had spent "\$50,000 to change the color of the state troopers' pants." He scoffed at "this curious illness that keeps him on the golf course 36 holes a day." Pillsbury is an ordained Congregational minister, has had national political experience as staff director of the Republican policy committee in the U.S. Senate (1950 and 1951), will be favored to defeat the Democratic nominee, John W. King, minority leader of the New Hampshire house.

As for the lady who was the cause of some of Powell's trouble, Dolores Bridges was defeated for the G.O.P. Senate nomination. The winner, by a bare 1,692 votes out of some 100,000 cast, was middle-road Congressman Perkins Bass, 49. At week's end, Dolores demanded a re-count. But re-counts hardly ever change the results of an election, and old Styles would have known better than ever to ask.

THE WORLD



THE COMMONWEALTH Passage to Europe

Britain, which has already lost an empire, was warned last week that it may also lose the Commonwealth. The threat was coldly and emphatically repeated by leaders of the Commonwealth nations as they gathered in a chandelied room at Marlborough House to review Britain's bid for membership in the European Common Market. One after another, Britain's Commonwealth partners declared that, by joining Europe, Britain will gravely strain their economic ties to the mother country and may finally sunder the enduring links of sentiment and mutual self-interest that bind together one-quarter of the world's people (see box).

Pale and glum, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan listened in silence as leaders of the Old Dominions and the new nations of Africa and Asia challenged their onetime imperial ruler's right to decide her own future. Cried Jamaica's ebullient Prime Minister Sir Alexander Bustamante: "The Treaty of Rome is like a surgeon's knife thrust into the body of the Commonwealth, cutting off one member from another, dividing one friend from another." One of the angriest (trades of all came from Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, who warned: "We

have spent 100 years resisting the magnetic pull of the United States. This will put us in danger of being sucked into their orbit. The whole position of Commonwealth relations will be changed."

Solitary Prosperity. Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies drove home the attack with the argument that loss of the tariff-free British market for their exports would mean that Commonwealth nations would have to finance Britain's Common Market membership. Said he: "Clearly part of the initial price, and perhaps the final price, is to be paid by us!" Added India's Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru: "I do not see how the Commonwealth will survive unless a radical change is made in the present proposals."

Other Commonwealth leaders declared that Britain's realignment with Europe and away from her Afro-Asian partners will only deepen the chasm that divides the underdeveloped southern nations and the affluent Northern Hemisphere. Said Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan: "You cannot expect friendly co-existence between those countries that are deliberately kept backward and the ones that are bulging with wealth." Black Africa's "uncommitted" Commonwealth members, notably Tanganyika and Nigeria, stoutly rejected Europe's offer of "associate membership" in the Common Mar-

ket on the theory that this would tie their policies to Western Europe, NATO and "economic imperialism."

Advice for Mother. Yet, for all their protestations, most of the Commonwealth leaders know that there can be no alternative for Britain. Shrugged Jamaica's Bustamante: "Britain is going in, no matter what we say, and no matter whom it hurts."

It had taken years of painful soul searching for Macmillan's Cabinet to reach the decision to join the vital new Europe, even if it meant the end of a relationship that has long ceased to be that of mother and daughters save in sentiment. If the Commonwealth does not agree, said the *Economist* last week, "Mother would then be well advised to switch off her deaf-aid and go on regardless with the course of action that is necessary."

For Harold Macmillan, there could be no question of switching off the hearing aid. The Commonwealth's sustained offensive significantly swelled anti-European sentiment in Britain at a time when Macmillan's government is already dangerously weak. The raucous debate strengthened the hand of the 40-odd right-wing Tory rebels who would like nothing better than to retreat from Europe. And, after a year of cagey fence staddling, Labor Party

TIES BOTH MAGIC & MATERIAL

FOR 30 years the Commonwealth has been linked by close economic ties between its member nations. What else holds the Commonwealth together? The vital bond, said Mackenzie King, one of Canada's most distinguished Prime Ministers, is its "community sense." What the nations share, reasoned New Zealand's late Prime Minister Peter Fraser, is "interdependence, with something added." To Winston Churchill, the Crown is "the mysterious link, the magic link" that binds its peoples.

No easy phrase can encompass the Commonwealth's diverse but like-minded, vague sounding but specific, loosely linked but powerfully woven partnership of more than 700 million people on six continents. Last week Canada's John Diefenbaker and Australia's Robert Menzies warned that by ending the Commonwealth's preferential trading agreements, Britain would cripple the Commonwealth itself. But there are many other concrete bonds between its members. Among them:

Legislation & Law. The common pattern of parliamentary procedure follows the British model, even to the traditional mace, wigs and dispatch boxes of Westminster. The 51-year-old Commonwealth Parliamentary Association shuttles a constant stream of M.P.s through legislative halls around the world. Though all of its former colonies do not share Britain's respect for justice, the basis of the judiciary system is English common law everywhere except in Ceylon (where the precedent is Roman Dutch law). The most humble Nigerian native can, as a Commonwealth citizen, appeal

to the mightiest judges in Britain through the Queen's personally appointed Privy Council.

Education. For decades, wealthy Commonwealth students have journeyed to Britain's great schools and universities for their education. Since the war, a growing number of scholarships has enabled the poorest and brightest youths to make the journey, boosted the number of Commonwealth students in Britain from 1,000 to 40,000. More and more English students are traveling to study in the Commonwealth, contributing to the interchange of ideas and techniques.

Defense. In military affairs there is no central organization to coordinate strategy. But most Commonwealth members use similar equipment (hence the significance of India's intention to buy Russian MIGs), exchange officers even when foreign policies are in sharp contrast. Most Commonwealth officers are products of Sandhurst, the Imperial Defense College, and other English military schools.

Joined by the Crown, the pound sterling (except for Canada), and the heritage of English as a second or even first language, the Commonwealth's commingling of custom, instinct and self-interest has somehow surmounted fierce disagreements over Suez and South Africa, Kashmir and the Congo, colonial policy and foreign relations, democracy and Communism—and, most significantly of all, Empire itself. It should survive its present differences. It is, as Jawaharlal Nehru, who spent 23 years in and out of British jails, has observed, "an odd collection of nations which seems to prosper most in adversity."

Leader Hugh Gaitskell vaulted into the debate to deny the Common Market's terms of admission as "too damaging to be acceptable." The Labor Party, he hinted, may soon call for a general election to bring down Macmillan's government.

Charm in the Evening. As the critical speeches sputtered on, the once unflappable Mac began a desperate button-holing campaign to moderate the views of Commonwealth officials and avert a flatly hostile final communiqué. Recruiting Commonwealth Relations Minister Duncan Sandys and Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath to help with the lobbying, Macmillan exerted all his considerable

by the very nature of its Commonwealth ties, ensure that the new Europe will not develop into the illiberal, inward-looking community that many of the critics fear.

Macmillan's "grand design" is more clearly recognized in Europe than in Britain itself. Two of Britain's most ardent European backers, Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak and his Netherlands' opposite number, Joseph Luns, were due in London this week to reassure Macmillan of their support, which is based largely on the expectation that British membership in the community will serve as a massive counterbalance to a Franco-German axis in Europe.

FRANCE

A Popularly Elected President?

Hailed in the press as Karl der Grosse and Charles I. Emperor of Europe, President de Gaulle last week capped his historic, hugely successful state visit to West Germany with a momentous confession. Speaking with a citizen rather than as the voice of France, Charles de Gaulle revealed that he himself, through "the grandfather of my maternal grandfather," a barber-surgeon who served in Napoleon's army, has been one-sixteenth German all these years.

After bestowing this bouquet on his



QUEEN ELIZABETH & COMMONWEALTH LEADERS* AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE
Behind the merry squabble, undeniable and unpalatable facts.

charm at small meetings, between sessions, at the evening receptions, even at Queen Elizabeth's banquet for the Commonwealth leaders in Buckingham Palace.

As the conference broke into study groups to examine each major problem separately, it was clear that the personal lobbying had done some good. "Our policy has taken a hammering," sighed a Cabinet minister, "but the worst is over." One reason for his optimism was that the Commonwealth ministers at the conference had aired their harshest warnings for consumption in Ottawa, Sydney, Christchurch, Kingston and Karachi rather than London. With that behind them, all seemed more willing to listen to Britain.

Massive Counterbalance. What last week's sorry squabble ignored is the undeniable, if unpalatable, fact that exclusion from Europe means certain economic and political decline for Britain, whose exports to the Commonwealth are dwindling as its sales to the Common Market soar. Physically, in the jet age, Britain is already a part of Europe; with formal economic and political ties to the Continent, Macmillan is convinced that the nation will not only provide an expanding market for Commonwealth goods but also,

The danger is that pressure from the Commonwealth may force Britain to demand unacceptably high terms when Common Market negotiations resume in Brussels next month. On the other hand, the government's stand has finally convinced skeptical Europeans that Britain is determined to join Europe. On that score, Harold Macmillan left no room for doubt. His government, he declared, will continue to seek membership in the Common Market. Thus, for once in its history, the future of the Commonwealth lay not with Britain but with the Commonwealth itself.

* Standing, from left: Tanzania's Prime Minister Rashidi Kawawa; Trinidad Tobago's P.M. Eric Williams; Sierra Leone's P.M. Sir Milton Marston; Nigeria's P.M. Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa; Jamaica's P.M. Sir Alexander Bustamante; Rhodesia's and Nyasaland's P.M. Sir Roy Welensky; Malaya's Acting P.M. Tun Hui Abdul Razak bin Dato' Hussein; Ghana's Finance Minister F.K.D. Goka; Ceylon's Justice Minister Senator S.P.C. Fernando; Cyprus President Archbishop Makarios. Seated, from left: New Zealand's P.M. Keith Holyoake; India's P.M. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru; Canada's P.M. John Diefenbaker; Australia's P.M. Robert Menzies; Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan; Britain's P.M. Harold Macmillan.

hosts. The General flew home in a mood to make sure that France's new union with Germany does not falter at the altar. In a meeting with his Cabinet, De Gaulle declared that France could maintain the respect of Germany and its position as the "leader of Western Europe" only by ensuring that the nation does not relapse, after his death or retirement, into "the precarious and disastrous condition that it knew for 50 years" of unending political crises. To correct what he once called "the badly constructed framework" of the Third and Fourth Republics, De Gaulle proposes to strengthen the present presidential system and thus confer on his successor the authority that Charles de Gaulle enjoys by virtue of his immense personal prestige.

To Rule, Not Reign. De Gaulle's plan to be announced in a nationwide broadcast this week, calls for a referendum to be held in late October on a new constitutional amendment that would permit direct popular election of the President by France's 27.5 million registered voters. Until *le grand Charles*, France's President had been a largely ceremonial figurehead—"an announcer of ambassadors," in his scornful words, who "reigns but does not

rule." Presently the President is chosen by a college of 80,000 electors: municipal and departmental officials, members of Parliament, and representatives of France's Overseas Territories. De Gaulle seeks to widen this mandate.

However, the presidential system envisaged by De Gaulle dispenses with the checks and balances of the U.S. presidency, which many Gaullists profess to admire. "The President," said he, "must be a chief, not an umpire." All foreign policy, defense and budgetary decisions would in effect still be "reserved" for the President. Parliament would be a virtual rubber-stamp body, subject at any time to



INFORMATION MINISTER FOUCHET
Despite the constitution, referendum,

dissolution by the all-powerful chief executive. And though De Gaulle has described a strong presidency as an eventual "influence of continuity," his blueprint contains no provision for vice-presidential succession in an emergency. If De Gaulle were to die tomorrow, the office would go to Senate President Gaston Monnerville, an undistinguished politician from French Guiana.

Confession Session. Opposition to De Gaulle's proposals was intense among French politicians, who have become increasingly resentful of his autocratic ways. "At best Salazar, at worst presidentialism in the South American manner," snapped Socialist ex-Premier Guy Mollet, who supported De Gaulle's return to power in 1958. Peppery ex-Premier Paul Reynaud voiced the fears of many conservative leaders with the argument that De Gaulle's reforms, "by personalizing government powers even more," would strengthen subversive elements; their "only problem

would be to overthrow De Gaulle, dictatorial power then devolving on them."

But there was little doubt that De Gaulle, as usual, would have his way. In three previous referendums—the latest concerned his formula for the Algerian peace agreement—he never failed to pull in less than 70% of all Frenchmen who voted. To ensure that his administration presents a solid front, De Gaulle last week reshuffled his Cabinet to make it more strongly Gaullist, elevated Christian Fouchet, an outspokenly honest official who served with distinction as chairman of the Common Market's committee on political unity, to the post of Minister of Information. This week, in a series of face-to-face interviews that the press immediately dubbed "sessions in the confessional," the entire Cabinet will be asked by De Gaulle either to approve his plans for the presidency or to resign.

What disturbs many admirers of De Gaulle is that by going directly to the people he will plainly be circumventing the constitution that was tailor-made to his specifications four years ago; it specifically requires all constitutional amendments to be submitted to Parliament before going to a popular vote. But De Gaulle seemed grandly unconcerned. According to a tale making the rounds in Paris last week, the President was asked whether his reforms will not in fact be a "rape of the constitution." His reply: "Does one rape his own wife?"

BERLIN

The Bus Ruckus

In Berlin last week, the U.S. had a lot more trouble with its Allies than with the Russians.

Fortnight ago, when the U.S. told the Russians that they could no longer use Checkpoint Charlie as the crossing point for their daily convoy to the Soviet war memorial in West Berlin, the Reds meekly shifted the procession to the shorter route across Sandkrug Bridge in the British sector. Same day, at a meeting of Allied commanders, U.S. Major General Albert Watson proposed that the Russians be instructed to return to using buses instead of the formidable, six-wheeled armored cars that had been brought in to protect Red soldiers from rock-hurling West Berliners last month.

The British commander at once protested that he lacked authority to act, explained that the issue was one for the Foreign Office to decide. After three days of wrangling, the issue was passed on to representatives of the three Western ambassadors in Bonn. There the British gave way, only to have the French representative balk, declaring he could do nothing without permission from France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, who was junketing around West Germany with Charles de Gaulle. Another day passed before French approval arrived. By the time the Russians received the tripartite note "suggesting" that they revert to buses for their convoy both the message and the Western wrangle were the talk of Berlin.

Finally, 24 hours before the allotted deadline, the grinning Russians appeared at Sandkrug Bridge in a red-painted civilian bus with a bilious, pea-green roof. As the bus passed through without incident, the ruckus subsided. Far from solution, however, was the chronic incision among the Allies, who on a relatively minor issue took two weeks to: 1) agree that there was a problem, 2) decide to do something about it, and 3) do it.

COLD WAR

Big Bag

On one detail everyone was agreed: a U-2 reconnaissance plane was brought down over eastern China.

The Nationalist Chinese conceded that the plane was one of two that they bought from Lockheed Aircraft Corp. in 1960. It had taken off on a "routine mission" from Formosa's Taoyuan airbase on the day it vanished, but the Nationalists revealed neither the plane's flight plan nor the pilot's identity. Peking, which last July had offered a reward of 8,000 ounces of gold (value \$280,000) to any Nationalist pilot who would defect with his U-2 intact, boasted that this one had been "shot down" by an air force unit, but supplied no glorious details of the feat.

Curiously enough, the fuller and more logical account of the incident came from a Soviet diplomat in India, who said that the pilot was a Nationalist Chinese who had trained for six years in the U.S. By way of deflating Red China's braggadocio, he added that a flame-out had forced the U-2 far below its maximum working altitude of above 80,000 ft., enabling the Chinese to shoot it down. The Russian denied that it was shot down by Soviet-supplied ground-to-air missiles, though Formosa's U-2s reportedly fly over an IRBM range on the mainland.

At week's end, Formosa let it be known that it would like a new supply of U-2s. However, President Kennedy said that "we have no plans" to sell U-2s to the Chinese Nationalists or to anyone else.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Their Own Battle

Over rutted jungle roads and through remote mountain villages, General Maxwell D. Taylor Jeoped and walked last week on a first-hand inspection tour of South Viet Nam's hard, ugly war against the Communist Viet Cong. Taylor, who takes over as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff next month, last visited Viet Nam a year ago; from that trip came the stepped-up program of U.S. military and economic aid to the embattled nation. Last week, in talks with President Ngo Binh Diem and General Paul Harkins, boss of U.S. forces in Viet Nam, hard-bitten Maxwell Taylor sought to assess the results. His conclusion: "We are making progress."

Since last October, the U.S. has boosted its force of military advisers to more than 10,000, and is now spending \$1,000,000 daily to beat the Viet Cong. This year the U.S. will help arm some 130,000 mem-

bers of the Civil Guard and the Self-Defense Corps, and train them both to defend their villages and to make short-range thrusts against the Viet Cong. The regular army will be boosted from seven to nine divisions, with a total force of 200,000 men; U.S.-backed training programs will also double the size of the army's officer and NCO corps.

Clear & Hold. With the growth of the militiamen, the army is being released from static holding operations to make major offensive sweeps against the Viet Cong, sometimes clearing them from areas where no government forces have been in 15 years. In Kien Phong and Vinh Long provinces, where the Reds once dominated up to 65% of the population, swiftly mounted government raids against guerrilla training centers and supply depots have reduced the Communist-controlled populace to less than 30%. In the past year, the army's striking power has been massively enhanced by U.S. helicopters that can airlift Vietnamese troops in hours to isolated areas that once took days to reach—if they were not ambushed en route. In the next month, the four helicopter units now ferrying troops will be reinforced with three new companies, including a number of new models armed with machine guns and rockets.

Taylor and Harkins were particularly encouraged by the government's ambitious strategic hamlet program (see map). Its aim is to concentrate the rural population in fortified villages that are guarded by Self-Defense Corpsmen, and thus deprive the Viet Cong guerrillas of the supplies and shelter they have long exacted from the terrified peasants. To date, nearly 1,000 of the 11,500 strategic ham-



GENERALS TAYLOR (LEFT) & HARKINS IN SOUTH VIET NAM
Despite mounting strains, gathering momentum.

lets that the government expects to build have been completed, and 2,700 more are under construction. In Phu Yen province alone, 200 miles northeast of Saigon, 170,000 Vietnamese out of a population of 145,000 have been relocated in strategic hamlets. Though the Viet Cong have repeatedly attacked the strategic hamlets, they have been unable to subdue any of them. In 60 attacks last month, the government claimed that the Reds lost 100 men while only twelve Self-Defense Corpsmen were killed.

But the country is under considerable and mounting strain.

Politically, despite the pleadings of U.S. officials—and rumbles of discontent from his opponents—Diem is in no mood to relax his authoritarian rule. Economically, the war has taken a heavy toll. The Viet Cong have cut off rice shipments from the interior and rubber production is down sharply. Gold and foreign exchange reserves have dipped from \$222 million in 1960 to \$148 million, and export earnings will drop this year from \$70 million to \$55 million. Nearly \$2.5 billion in U.S. aid has only made South Viet Nam more dependent on—and more critical of—its friends.

A National Character. Yet U.S. aid is essential not only to South Viet Nam's survival as a free nation; it is also helping subtly to foster what General Taylor called a "growing national character, a great national movement." The strategic hamlet program alone has given thousands of peasants their first experience of self-government; bolstered by U.S. economic aid, the experiment has also brought teachers, doctors and agricultural advisers to large areas that, in consequence, are undergoing what a top Vietnamese official calls "a social revolution, with a whole new scale of values."

As the Vietnamese clear and hold the countryside, Taylor said last week, "the emphasis will shift more to economic and

social activities." In this realm alone, U.S. advisers admit, a vast amount remains to be done. Militarily, also, South Viet Nam still faces a long, hard fight. But the national effort is gathering momentum. Declared Maxwell Taylor, "South Viet Nam is moving toward victory because the South Vietnamese are fighting their own battle."

THE CONGO

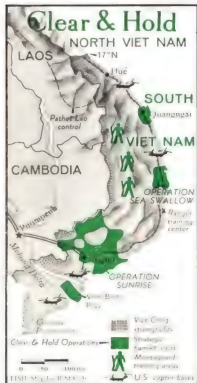
The Mixture as Before

For a while at least, Moise Tshombe seemed willing to help put the Congo together again. When the United Nations gave him ten days to accept its latest unification plan or face economic sanctions, Katanga's secessionist President waited until the last minute, then announced fulsomely that he viewed the scheme "with enthusiasm."

But mercurial Moise's zeal lasted only a few days. Last week he summoned newsmen to Elisabethville's Prince Leopold Hospital, led them into the mortuary and pointed a well-manicured finger at the bodies of two Katangese gendarmes. He claimed that they had been slain by 500 U.N. troops who attacked a Katanga roadblock. Bellowed Tshombe: "I do not believe in U. Thant's good faith any longer, nor in the Western nations who guaranteed U. Thant's plan."

For Propaganda. Infuriated U.N. officials in Leopoldville accused Tshombe of deliberately staging the clash by ordering 100 Katanga gendarmes to encircle and attack a Jeep-horn patrol of 20—not 500—Gurkha troops. Though the U.N. commander admitted that "someone might have been hit," Acting Secretary-General U. Thant's office in Manhattan called the incident "a cynical effort to gain a propaganda advantage."

In any case, the U.N. was the loser. U. Thant's plan would have forced Katanga to integrate its 12,000 soldiers with Congo



forces and, still more important, to turn over half its rich mining revenues to Premier Cyrille Adoula's central government. Without Katanga, Adoula's regime faces the prospect of a restive army and ultimate bankruptcy.

"Points in Common." Nor was the central government's only worry. Fifty miles outside Leopoldville, secessionist-minded Albert Kalonji, a self-styled "king" who takes his regal status so seriously that he once employed a proxy handshaker, escaped from Luzumu prison, where he was sent last April to serve a 2½-year term for torturing political rivals. With Kalonji safely back in his diamond-rich stronghold of South Kasai, where he is protected by a private *gendarmerie* of 2,000, Leopoldville had reason to fear that he might emulate his friend Tshombe and once again attempt a pull-out.

To those who had been through the whole weary plot before, it seemed that Tshombe's stall was on, and Thant's plan off. Or was it? Over the bodies of the two dead gendarmes, Tshombe thundered: "If the United Nations wants war, they can have it. It won't be child's play." Then, unpredictable as ever, he took to the air with a curiously conciliatory statement. "We have found a number of points in common with our Congolese friends," said Tshombe. "We may hear a definite solution of the Congo crisis."

SYRIA

A Quiet, Legal Coup

In Syria coups d'état are about as routine as city council elections, but last week's upheaval was one for the books. The eighth coup in 13 years—and the third since September 1961—it was engineered by a Parliament that had been dissolved by the army last March, and it brought to power as Premier a politician who had been tossed into jail at the same time. After announcing their return, the civilian upstarts told the army to go back to soldiering, and the army obeyed. With no violence at all, constitutional rule was restored.

Ever since Syria annulled its ill-starred union with Egypt last year, it has been groping for the right groove. First it leaned too far to the right, reversing reforms in the rush to erase Nasser's traces. A ground swell of pro-Nasser sentiment surged up as a result, and the army, anxious to restore stability, staged the March coup and dissolved Parliament.

It was only a matter of time before the unemployed Deputies were clamoring to get back in. Fortnight ago, President Nazem El-Kouddi and veteran politician Khaled El-Azm, a nimble opportunist who has served as Premier four times since 1941, boldly called the dissolved Parliament back into session.

Harred from their regular chamber by the army, the Deputies assembled on rows of wicker chairs in El-Azm's rambling Damascus mansion, voted to restore the liberal 1950 constitution with a few amendments. Their 156-to-1 choice for Premier was big (6 ft.), bespectacled El-Azm. Convinced that Parliament would

steer an even course, the army quietly assented to the changes.

El-Azm, a wealthy, quadrilingual (Arabic, French, English, Turkish), landowner and industrialist, is one of Syria's most bizarre figures. He was Premier under the despised Vichy government, later became known as "the Red millionaire" for negotiating a \$500 million Soviet-Czech arms deal as Defense Minister in 1957, yet managed to retain wide popularity.

El-Azm promised to hold free elections soon, and said that he would form a "Cabinet of National Unity" that would include all factions but the Nasserites and the Communists. Predictably, Beirut's pro-Nasser *Al-ansar* scorned the new government as a farce that cannot continue.



SYRIA'S PREMIER EL-AZM
The army went back to soldiering.

Other voices in the Middle East were more hopeful. "There will perhaps be more clashes," judged Beirut's moderate *L'Orient*, "but one can now have faith in Syria's future. The Syrians have rediscovered the institutions best adapted to their country: a liberal, representative, parliamentary regime."

RUSSIA

Train No. 13, Where Are You?

As the guardian of Soviet morality, junior grade, the Communist Party youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* frequently berates students for hoologism, debaucheries, or ideological lapses unworthy of Marxists. Fortnight ago, the newspaper turned with relish on a new target: a group of 44 U.S. students from U.C.L.A. and other schools whose low jinks aboard the Moscow-Warsaw express would, if true, have stirred a furor on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

The students called the newspaper's account highly exaggerated. But *Komsomolskaya Pravda* insisted that the railroad reveal being in Moscow, when the college kids approached train No. 13,

"hawling hawdy songs and clinging to each other like sailors during a storm." No sooner had the wheels begun to roll than "these savages from overseas" started to guzzle liquor and shriek wildly. They tossed pillows at each other and stuck lampshades on their heads. Then they took their clothes off and began running after the girls in their own delegation."

The party was still going full blast at 2 a.m., when the train pulled into Vyazma, a small town 150 miles west of Moscow. A group of collective farmers, goggling at a brightly lighted sleeper compartment, saw two young men cavorting in the row on a table top; the farmers assumed they were watching the antics of mental patients en route to an asylum.

The irate onlookers protested to train officials, but the conductor insisted that he could do nothing. The visitors, he explained, were not subject to Soviet law; the nude zamboulers were the losers in a decadent Western game that the Americans called "strip poker." Among *stilyagi*, the Soviet Teddy boys on whom *Komsomolskaya Pravda* lavishes most of its sermons, it could catch on like the Twist.

UNITED NATIONS

Red China Out

At the start of the United Nations' 17th General Assembly this week, representatives of 104 nations—five more than last year—faced an agenda crammed with 80 items. One issue not on the list: U.N. membership for Red China. Though Russia may yet challenge Nationalist China's membership, last year's shattering rebuff to Red China may have given even the Communists pause. Says one high-ranking U.N. official: "Red China seems to have no friends at all."

Timbuctoo Was Never Like This

The new West African nation of Mali is noted for little save its peanuts, a pro-Communist political line, and a dusty town that bears the still vibrant name of Timbuctoo.

Last week little Mali established its sovereignty over 26 verdant acres of New York's Westchester County, near another historic spot of no economic significance: Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow. To create a home that was never like home for its U.N. staff, Mali paid \$300,000 for two mansions overlooking the Hudson at Tarrytown; Linden Court, with 19 bedrooms and ten baths, and Uplands, which has only seven bedrooms and six baths. Both were sold by the Biddle clan.

After a hard day's doom-crying in Manhattan, the Malian diplomats and their families, led by Ambassador Sori Coulibaly, will be able to relax in the Pine Room listening to piped-in Muzak, or stroll through the formal gardens and the three greenhouses. Muscular Malians can choose between a lighted swimming pool, a howling alley, a championship tennis court housed in a heated, glass-roofed building or, of course, lawn mowing.

In setting for suburban elegance, Mali is following the lead of such other African nations as Guinea, Nigeria and the Ivory



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Manufacturing and Supply



Unit of the Bell System

Const., which last year bought a 36-room mansion for its U.N. ambassador on Long Island. One unvoiced reason for the exodus is the difficulty that Africans have encountered in obtaining adequate quarters in New York City. And, like those of many other small nations, Mali's foreign service is largely concentrated in the U.N.—it has only eight other ambassadors throughout the world outside Africa. Therefore, Mali's negotiations with other nations are mostly conducted in New York, and Malians believe that their ambassador should be housed in style.

Mali's annual per capita income is \$53, and its national budget this year amounted to a sizable \$68 million. It recently got a U.S. grant of \$2,500,000, while Communist-bloc aid has totaled some \$100 million over the past two years. But its most pressing need is for still more foreign aid.

SICILY

Danilo's Dam

In the wretchedest slum quarter of Partinico, a pinched little town near Palermo, a man lay starving last week. Friends dropped in to ask "Come va oggi [How are you today]?" and the man would answer, smiling, "Bene, benissimo." Over his cot a poster proclaimed: "The Dam Means Wealth, the Dam Means Progress, the Dam Means Confidence!"

Sicily's angriest and least violent man, Danilo Dolci, 38, was staging a Gandhi-style fast to dramatize the need for a dam across the Iato River, which could irrigate some 25,000 acres of parched, stony land in the northwest. The government assigned funds for the dam two years ago, but, Dolci laments, "Not one stone has been turned." Danilo and the government had counted without Sicily's most implacable foe of progress: the Mafia.

Violently resisting any step that might

loosen their feudal hold on the pinched and primitive peasantry, Mafia bullies scared off government engineers with threats and gunfire, sabotaged machinery for the dam. Landowners, whose fields would be submerged by the backed-up water, turned down the government's offer of \$840 per acre, asked \$3,600 instead—presumably on Mafia orders.

A practical idealist, beefy Danilo Dolci quit his career as an architect to come to Sicily's "triangle of hunger" in 1952. He battled hard against poverty, unemployment and disease and, in the process, has stirred Italy's conscience. "In the last two years," he says, "more than 2 billion cubic meters of water have been wasted in the sea in western Sicily alone. Figuring what the land would have been worth if it was watered, that's a loss of \$160 million—while poverty continues to erode hundreds of thousands of families."

At week's end Dolci won. In Rome, a Cabinet Minister called a meeting to re-study the Iato project; in Sicily, even the Mafia began to feel uneasy. With Mafia permission, landowners announced their willingness to accept a new government offer of \$1,200 per acre. Crusader Dolci, with victory in sight, broke his ten-day fast and looked around for another windmill of privilege worthy of his lance.

ANDORRA

Another Berlin

WAR NARROWLY AVOIDED, screamed a French newspaper last week. Where? In a landlocked, feudal principality that has no airport, railroad, currency, income tax or national debt—and has only seven men under arms.

Perched in the Pyrenees between Spain and France, Andorra is a tiny (191 sq. mi.), tetchy nation of shepherds and smugglers that dates its sovereignty to Charlemagne—a fact that none of Andorra's 8,000 citizens ever seem to forget. Since 1278, Andorra has been jointly ruled by two princes, Spain's Bishop of Urgel—known as "the Mitre"—and the King of France, who nowadays is Charles de Gaulle. Each of the princes is represented in Andorra by an official known as a *regent*.

Though the offices of the two *regents* are only six feet apart, they conduct all their business in writing, which tends to slow Andorra's reaction time. It took 44 years to rescind its World War I declaration of war against Germany. Last week the tempo in Andorra was picking up as signs splashed on walls in the capital city of Andorra la Vella proclaimed: "Liberty or Death!"

Doorless Key. Reason for the crisis was a closely guarded state secret. In his office in La Casa de la Vall, a multipurpose structure which serves as Andorra's national assembly, tribunal, jail, banquet hall, public library, museum, archives, and art gallery and is respectfully known as "The Mother of Parliaments," Andorran Prime Minister Julian Reig was properly cryptic. When pressed to explain the crisis, he replied: "Would you like to see



ANDORRA LA VELLA

How not to fight with seven soldiers.

our garrote? Garroting is Andorra's official form of execution. We haven't done it for ages."

Outside the Prime Minister's office, a guard in a blue uniform with silver buttons proudly displayed some of Andorra's national treasures, including a 4-lb. 20-in. key. What door does it open? "I don't rightly know," he says. "But it's been around here for a long time, and we always show it to visitors."

Vellans & Escaldans. Like the oversized key, Andorra's present crisis has also been around for a long time. The roots of the controversy are in the ancient hostility between Andorra's two major towns—Andorra la Vella and Escaldans. Everyone in Andorra smuggles, but Vellans claim that they are better smugglers than their foes. Vellans sneer that Escaldans are impotent. Escaldans reply that Vellans are "scions of Mephistopheles." Gradually, however, the two towns have grown together physically so that now the town line actually splits some houses down the middle. But Vellans and Escaldans feel no sense of togetherness.

Nine months ago, a group of reformers protested to France's *regent* that the Escaldan vice mayor had not been properly elected. By longstanding local custom, elections are never held anyway, but France's *regent* suspended the vice mayor. The Mitre refused to acknowledge the sacking, ordered the Spanish *regent* to stop signing official documents until the vice mayor got his job back. Government ground to a standstill.

Spain has backed the Mitre by closing its borders to Andorrans and their produce unless they can present the proper export permits—which the Spanish *regent* refuses to sign. Blocked off from their main source of food, Andorrans shiver at the thought of the approaching winter, when for five months snow will make the mountain passes into France all but impenetrable. "Monsieur," mutters the French *regent*, "this could be another Berlin."



CRUSADER DOLCI
How to beat the Mafia.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Resurrecting the Swastika

Behind the bolted doors of a headquarters in downtown Buenos Aires, 150 youths snapped to attention, clicked their heels and gave a Nazi-style straight-arm salute. At a command, three high school boys entered the room. The neophytes chorused an oath, swearing to defend with their lives "the permanent values of Christianity and country." Then they swelled their chests as a blue and white Maltese Cross was pinned to their lapels. Cried the leader of the meeting, Alberto Ezcurra Uriburu, 26: "We must fight with one hand against capitalism and Zionism, and with the other against Communism!"

Such was the scene last week at a session of *Tacuara*, a shadowy society of young terrorists who lead a wave of neo-Nazism that is rising in Argentina. Though still minuscule in a nation of 21 million, *Tacuara* has grown in four years from a handful of fanatics to an estimated 4,000 members. It is chiefly responsible for a growing number of anti-Semitic incidents in a South American nation that has long been troubled by ultra-nationalism and racial prejudice.

Unlike most other Latin American republics, Argentina is 90% European-descended, heavily colonized by Germans and Italians, who brought many of their old prejudices to the New World with them. When the first Jewish immigrants arrived from Central Europe in 1860, they became targets for the landed aristocracy, which feared the industrious newcomers. Those old resentments were sharpened in the years after the fall of Dictator Juan Perón, whose policies brought ruin to Argentina's wheat-and-beef oligarchy. In the economic chaos, Argentina's Jewish colony, which now numbers 470,000, the largest in Latin America, still seemed affluent; Jews controlled a good share of the country's banking and finance, were even getting elected to Congress.



TACUARA LEADER EZCURRA (CENTER, GLASSES) AND FOLLOWERS
Anti-capitalist, anti-communist, anti-Zionist.

Most of those who militate in *Tacuara* (average age: 17) are the fanatic children of families that lost their wealth during and after Perón. *Tacuara* Leader Ezcurra Uriburu, scion of a once-proud family, works days as a paint sprayer in a motorcycle repair shop and blames the Jews for the country's problems. "We are against a society permeated and dominated by Jews," he says.

In the past two years, Jews have reported no fewer than 200 anti-Semitic attacks. The Argentine government has voiced its "energetic repudiation" of *Tacuara*. But Buenos Aires police have yet to pin a crime on a *Tacuara* member. Three weeks ago, three youths were arrested after firing shots into a theater showing a Jewish-theme play. All were subsequently released.

CUBA

The Raiders

"We have no radar, but we have guts," said a member of a small group of anti-Castro exiles who call themselves Alpha 66. A few days later, a 36-ft. grey and white motorboat slipped through the pre-dawn darkness into the north coast Cuban port of Caibarién, 210 miles southeast of Havana. Navigating by compass, the launch found its way to the *San Pascual*, an old Cuban steamer grounded on a concrete base and used as a molasses storehouse. A machine gun chattered, and a burst of .50-caliber slugs ripped into the cabin; an explosion split the night. The launch drew up beside a second ship, the 7043-ton British freighter *Neelane*, and machine guns blazed again, riddling the funnel and crew quarters. The boat gunned its engines for a final firing pass at the Cuban coastal freighter *San Blas*, then high-tailed out to sea pursued by Castro helicopters.

Hands-Off Orders. After this bold foray last week, Havana radio called the attacker a "pirate vessel" manned by "criminals

armed and paid by the U.S." Cried Castro himself over his powerful short-wave propaganda station: "We no longer have to bother ourselves proving the aggressive intentions of the Yankee imperialists. It is enough to read the Yankee press itself and the speeches of its Senators. They no longer deny their aggressive intentions. No! They proclaim them to the world publicly."

Actually there was no indication that U.S. policy had shifted noticeably from the hands-off orders in force ever since the Bay of Pigs debacle 17 months ago. These orders apply to the 350,000 Cuban exiles scattered around the hemisphere. Far from being paid and armed by the U.S., last week's Alpha 66 raiders were completely on their own. Supported by some 1,500 contributors, Alpha 66 counts among its activists a few members of the once powerful M.R.P. underground organization that was shattered by Castro's G-2 security cops after the Bay of Pigs; many of the Alphas are professional men; some are former members of Havana's Public Accountants' Association, which used to be one of the strongest of Cuba's professional organizations. They scrounge their own funds, their own supplies, arms and ammunition, and daringly plan more attacks in the next few weeks—that is if they can duck the CIA agents who dog their footsteps trying to find out what they are up to and dissuade them from doing it.

"Leave Us Alone." A little over a month ago, one group of Cuban exiles got hold of a plane in Costa Rica, devised a scheme to pick up a load of bombs in Guatemala, then fly on to Cuba to blow up two strategic petroleum refineries on the outskirts of Havana. But the U.S. embassy in Costa Rica got wind of the operation and squashed the idea before it could get off the ground.

Last month, when the full extent of the massive Soviet arms buildup became evident, anti-Castro exiles hoped that U.S. policy would change. Manuel Antonio Varona, a leader of the hapless Revolutionary Council that figureheaded the Bay of Pigs invasion, urged the U.S. to recognize an exile government-in-arms, declare it a belligerent, and start pumping in large-scale aid—"just like Moscow is helping Castro." Varona calculated that he could raise a 50,000-man international invasion force, and said that he had the backing of all five Central American governments plus Panama. But the U.S. smothered the idea, and last week in Miami the exile groups, still planning their daring and desperate forays against Castro's Cuba, reported that, if anything, the U.S. was holding them down even harder. Said an exile leader: "We ourselves had two arms caches seized here during the past few weeks. If anyone tries to buy more than 100 gallons of gasoline, the U.S. authorities immediately investigate. They don't have to help us. If they would just leave us alone, we could accomplish much."



Looks like this.....Feels like this

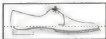
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PEOPLE

Casting about for a regal type for a walk-on part in the film version of the famed Swedish fairy tale *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, the producers gave the royal palace a call. The scene required a noble-looking gentleman to walk through his chamber onto a balcony and peer at a flock of wild geese flying overhead, astride one of which is a ten-year-old boy, Nils. Most of the scene was shot from a hovering helicopter and two time-consuming retakes were needed. Patiently doing his bit: good old (79) King Gustav VI Adolph of Sweden.

The cornerstone for the new Wigan Girls High School was all inscribed: "Laid by the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, A.D. 1962." But just a few hours before the Opposition Labor Party leader was to come up from London to do the honors, he learned that the school had become involved in a labor argument and that five workers had been fired. Gaitskell refused to show up at the ceremony. "I think," he huffed, "that it would have been most unwise for me to have been involved in this kind of dispute." Responded a disgruntled school official, after the ceremony was called off and the stone put in storage: "It's not much good to us now. We might lay it face downward and use it as part of the floor."

Raptly gazing at herself on screen, Brigitte Bardot, 27, liked what she saw almost as much as the Paris critics. Her latest flick, *Le Repos du Guerrier* (The Warrior's Rest), directed by ex-Husband Roger Vadim, was lavishly lauded as her best bedtime story to date. To celebrate, she and her constant consort, Actor Sami Frey, 27, buzzed off to a Right Bank bistro to nuzzle the night away, touching



BRIGITTE & SAMI
A nighttime nuzzle.



MRS. KENNEDY
A remodeled model.

off a spate of speculation in the Parisian press that Brigitte might, for Sami, convert to Judaism.

As Russian Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, 52, told it to a select little clique gathered to watch the Bolshoi Ballet troupe at the Metropolitan Opera House in Manhattan, his wife, Irina, is an incurable shutterbug, with a passion for sunsets. When she goes back to Russia she will have snapped sunsets in New York, sunsets in Chicago, sunsets in Los Angeles. Cracked one of the guests in the diamond horseshoe circle. U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Adlai Stevenson: "The pictures of dying America, I suppose."

"There is beauty even in explosions," intoned flamboyant Jewelry Designer Roger King, 26, whose flashy \$3,400 brooch suggesting an A-bomb blast (mushrooms of diamonds rising from a ruby earth) won Britain's "Jewel of the Year" award. Then glaring out at the audience in a posh London showroom, where his nuclear nugget was on display, King dropped another wee bomb by deploring "the tendency of upper-class women to wear dreary strands of pearls all the time." Totally unruffled was the conservatively dressed, pearl-wearing woman at whom his remarks were aimed: Lady Dorothy Macmillan, wife of the Prime Minister, who once told a reporter, "I regard clothes as my husband regards food—necessary but not to be discussed." Said Lady Dorothy of King: "Pearls go with a lot of things, and I haven't got all that much jewelry anyway."

His first \$75 million design for a National Cultural Center was given short shrift as "too grandiose," so Architect Edward Durell Stone, 60, went back to the drawing board to take a narrower view. Unveiled at a ceremony at Newport, R.I., the model of his second effort, a \$30 million job with white marble facade, three huge halls with a seating capacity of nearly 7,000, and a roof garden with two restaurants, won high praise from Jacqueline Kennedy, honorary co-chairman with Mamie Eisenhower of the fund drive to bring a first permanent home for the performing arts to the nation's capital. To entertain the clutch of millionaires at the proceedings was triple-tongued Comedian Danny Kaye, who convulsed the crowd with a bashful bow to Jackie and then, more seriously, thanked the First Lady for "making writers, actors and musicians feel they are ten feet tall."

Anyone with a capitalistic name like Ford might have expected it. Having finished a new film on the Riviera, Cinemacolor Glenn Ford, 46, decided on a jaunt to East Berlin for a "look at Communism." Crossing over at Checkpoint Charlie, the actor was detained for the usual currency check, told to take all the money from his pockets and count it out on a table. Out came bill after bill—\$1,000 in all. "Aha," said the bug-eyed Vopo, "so you are the man who makes the motor cars." "Oh no," said Ford, "not that Ford." He added: "Pretty soon they had a dozen guards standing there. None of them would believe me. Finally I admitted that I was Henry Ford. That made them happy that they had been right all along, and they let me go."

Her 4-ft. brunette tresses done up in a "ladylike" bun to support her titleholder's tiara, Miss America of 1963, Jacquelyn



MISS AMERICA
An improved Jackie.

Jeanne Mayer, 20, flashed a dimpled smile for the folks back in Sandusky, Ohio, the morning after that last grueling strut across the stage at Atlantic City. The course to the crown was not easy. Jackie admitted. Back in high school she was a 120-lb. fatty. But four years of saying no to such favorite foods as chocolate icebox cake had slimmed her down to a perfect combination: 36-22-36 and 115 lbs.

*Arthritic Dame Sybil of Sark
Banned cars from her island so stark,
But her son-in-law Malcolm,
Without a "you're welcome"
Swiped her power wheelchair for a lark.*

*Young Malcolm was leered two quid
For the terrible thing that he did,
But one M.P.'s quibble
Was "What's good for Dame Sybil
Must be good for each Sark invalid."*

*Dame Sybil disdained his appeals,
Only she could have motorized wheels.
Her parliament said Sure,
To her droit du seigneur.
No matter how other folk tect.*

With classic British nonchalance, Actor **James Mason**, 53, and his estranged wife Pamela, 44, launched a laconic legal battle in a Santa Monica court to divvy up the spoils of their marriage. Pamela demanded an allowance of \$14,164 a month alimony and child support for the couple's precocious daughter Portland, 13, and son Alexander, 6; Mason agreed to shell out a temporary \$7,000. Even with all that dough at stake, it was still upper lips all round. As the hearing was going on, Pamela was charmingly interviewing James on a pretaped TV show. "One should be able to talk to someone to whom one has been married for 22 years," snifted Pamela. Added James: "We're just plain folks, me and my family."

A few words of financial wisdom from multimillionaire Arkansas Farmer **Winthrop Rockefeller**, 50, uttered to the London press on how to watch the dimes in hopes that the dollars will take care of themselves: "Never overtip."

The pack of eight Alsatian hounds that guard the 1,000-acre Sutton Place estate near London of Last Billionaire **Jean Paul Getty**, 60, notoriously content themselves with a lbs. of horseman's quack each day, spiced with an occasional hunk of prowl. Notices about the property warn: "Danger, Guard Dog—Keep Away. This dog is trained to treat all strangers as enemies. Do not touch." All of which is amusing enough without one of Getty's pets leaping the fence into someone else's land. As Getty and a few friends were out for a stroll, one of the dogs named Max took off after a cat grazing in the field of Ernest A. H. Tilley, 55, of the animal by the throat and took a hefty bite. Said Getty, fined \$14 for permitting his hound to "worry a calf": "Max always was a bit of a hunter."



PEUGEOT 403



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One of them costs only \$2250* complete.
Its name is Peugeot.

The steel in a Peugeot is .9mm thick. You could overturn the car and remain unscathed. Not that we recommend it, but Peugeots at the factory are tested this way. Every part in a Peugeot 403 is inspected, nuts and bolts included. Every Peugeot made is road-tested. (So is the Rolls-Royce.) Why? Pride. After 160 years, this is still a family business. The Peugeots try to make cars as well as they can. The oldest car still running in America is an 1891 Peugeot. No one knows the life span of a Peugeot 403.

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EDUCATION

A.M. Science, P.M. God

The 27 youngsters are juniors and seniors at Roman Catholic St. Thomas High School in mill-town Braddock near Pittsburgh. But every morning at 7 they board a public school bus and ride 13 miles to tax-supported Forbes Trail Area Technical School in Monroeville. For three hours at Forbes, a lavish technical citadel serving 15 other Allegheny County schools on a part-time basis, the Catholic kids study such nonreligious matters as computer programming and chemical technology. Then they ride a bus to St. Thomas High for an afternoon of religion, social studies and English in a "God-centered" climate.

St. Thomas this week thus launched the nation's most discussed test of "shared time," a possible way around the prickly

teach? Even cooler are those Catholic educators who feel not only that every subject—even electronics—needs religious interpretation, but that U.S. Catholics are rich enough to pay for bigger and better parochial schools.

Checking Secularism. Various versions of shared time have nonetheless cropped up recently in many states, including Michigan, Ohio, Connecticut, Illinois and Minnesota. In the Saginaw, Mich., area, one-fifth (300) of all youngsters at seven Catholic schools use public schools for technical training. In Chicago, Catholics are now mulling an even closer link: building parochial schools near public schools for easy access.

For Catholics, the advantage would be cheaper parochial schools (no labs, gyms, cafeterias) handling twice as many "value-

Madison's Avenue

Oh Hamilton, Poor Hamilton, Madison Wrote 'Em and You're Feeling So Sad. That, in effect, was the title of the story sketched out last week before a joint meeting of the American Statistical Association, the Biometric Society and the Institute of Mathematical Statistics.

Plotting the story were two smart mathematicians, Harvard's Frederick Mosteller, and the University of Chicago's David L. Wallace, who have great faith that math can supply answers in what they call "uncertainty situations." To test their faith they took on a classic uncertainty situation: the historically open question of whether Alexander Hamilton or James Madison wrote twelve of the 77 *Federalist Papers* that appeared in New York newspapers in 1787-88 under the byline "Publius" (the authorship of the others is known). They got funds from the Ford, Rockefeller and National Science foundations, the Office of Naval Research and Harvard's Laboratory of Social Relations, and went to work.

Problem: Hamilton and Madison were such similar masters of the ornate *Spectator* style that the mean sentence lengths in their known *Federalist Papers* are 34.55 words for Hamilton, 34.50 for Madison. Which twin gets the credit?

Procedure: Determine how often each man used 30 key words—"function" words such as *an, on, to, by, of, this, also, and, markers* such as *vigor, direction, whilst, upon*. In his known writings, for example, it turns out that Hamilton used *upon* at a rate of three per 1,000 words—or 18 times more often than Madison. The next step was to compile statistical profiles of the authors' known styles and the disputed *Papers*. To compare the profiles, Mathematicians Mosteller and Wallace then used Bayes' theorem (1763): "If q_1, q_2, \dots, q_n are a set of mutually exclusive events, the probability of q_i , conditional on prior information H and on some further event p , varies as the probability of q_i on H alone times the probability of p given q_i and H , namely, $P(q_i | H) \propto P(q_i | H) P(p | q_i, H)$."

Solution: Having fed all this into a high-speed IBM 7090 computer at M.I.T. Mosteller and Wallace report that Madison wrote eleven of the disputed *Papers*; odds are 80 to 1, they say, that he also wrote the twelfth. New score card: 26 *Papers* for Madison, 43 for Hamilton (they co-authored three: John Jay wrote five). All of which took three years to prove, and may be quite satisfactory to an IBM 7090-but will still leave any professional writer with a nagging question: What if Hamilton really wrote the papers and Madison later edited them, dourly scratching out *upon* whenever he came upon it?

A More Perfect Union

The hub of the U.S. campus today is neither lab library, gym nor classroom—but a huge fun house called the student union that blends the looks of a USO, a Howard Johnson's and the old Havana



TECHNOLOGY AT FORBES

SHARERS' SHUTTLE BUS

End run around a prickly problem?

CHORALS AT ST. THOMAS

problem of federal aid to parochial schools. Originally suggested by Protestants, shared time rests on the principle that all taxpayers are entitled to use public schools. If it works in Monroeville, parochial schools might be helped by federal money given to public schools for shared-time projects.

Religious Illiteracy. For many Catholic parents, the hard choice is between ill-equipped, overcrowded parochial schools and public schools that threaten Catholic children with what Pittsburgh's diocesan school superintendent, the Very Rev. Msgr. John B. McDowell, calls "religious illiteracy." McDowell also warns that non-Catholics in many areas face an equal problem: If Catholics are forced to cut back their own schools and thousands of youngsters flood the public schools,

McDowell calls shared time "more reasonable," but it still gets a cool reaction from many public school administrators. If we fracture our curriculum," says one, "what remains for public schools to

oriented" students via half-day sessions. As Catholics see it, a controlled Catholic influx would also make public schools more representative of the community. If other churches also built shared-time schools, suggests the Very Rev. Msgr. Arthur T. Georghagan, diocesan school superintendent in Providence, R.I., "the drift of secularism might be checked."

In Pennsylvania's heavily Catholic Allegheny County, partial-shared time is not new. More than 5,000 parochial school students already take home economics and industrial arts in Pittsburgh city schools. But they do not report daily go on their own. St. Thomas High's youngsters are uniquely integrated with Forbes Trail School. In approving the scheme, Allegheny County School Superintendent Alfred Beattie eased every possible legal trap. While riding on the bus, the youngsters are defined as public school students. To avoid problems, they even get on and off at public Braddock High School, walk the two blocks to St. Thomas.



BERKELEY'S STUDENT UNION
Is a bear's lair a home?

Hilton with the dreams of Manhattan's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. Claiming a vague kinship with Britain's Oxbridge Unions, and aided by generous Government loans, student unions have multiplied seven-fold since World War II to more than 600 now, with at least 200 more under way.

To form a more perfect union, Stanford this week opened its \$2.6 million Tresidder Memorial Union, a handsome hacienda that does wonders for the university's architecture, which is mostly a blend of Early Southern Pacific and Neo-Romanesque. "Our motto is co'ee and culture," glows Director Chester A. Berry, 46. Just for a start, Berry will soon launch "Project Da Vinci"—stuffing Tresidder with Leonardo's notebooks, reproductions of his sketches and 35 working models of his inventions.

Bears & Beauties. Tresidder will indeed be a cultural filling-station, boasting a first-rate bookstore, a circulating art library, rooms for chess, reading and music. The question is whether minds can meet above the din of a nine-table ping-pong room, a ten-table billiard room, a 375-seat cafeteria and the crash of pins in the 14-lane bowling alley (\$150.000 for automatic pinsetters alone).

Student unions across the U.S. can hardly get along these days without big parking garages, rifle ranges, theaters, ball-rooms, beauty and barber shops. Last year 240,000 visitors jammed the University of Minnesota's massive center to do everything from making mosaics to hearing lunchtime chamber music by the Minneapolis Symphony. Bowlers at Ohio State's union play 200,000 games a year; its cafeterias serve 800,000 meals. The University of California's six-level center at Berkeley is a \$6.7 million crazy quilt that wags call "Jack Tar East" after a garish San Francisco hotel; it will soon become a four-building center housing 150 student clubs, a 2,000-seat auditorium, a hushed "meditation room" and a raucous snack bar inevitably called

"Bear's Lair." New York University's ten-story, \$5,000,000 center offers diners a view of Washington Square; Tulane's \$3,000,000 "living room" has an Olympic-sized swimming pool with poolside snack service.

In round-the-clock operation, Purdue's Memorial Union complex runs twin dance halls, 16 bowling alleys, banquet facilities for 1,500. It has 354 hotel rooms—and grosses \$1,743,000 a year. The till fills with regular proceeds and student fees that average about \$4 a semester. To handle such business, N.Y.U.'s last year launched a two-year graduate course in "college union management."

Thundering Waste? Critics call student unions a "frill" that now costs U.S. campuses more than \$61.2 million a year—the price of 4,080 more Harvard professors. "It's a thundering waste to buy bowling alleys," grumbles one Stanford professor, "when you have a library like a small-town public high school's."

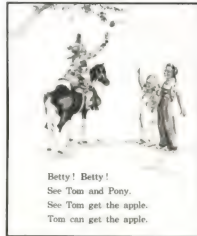
Yet with the notable exception of the Ivy League schools, which shun them, stu-

dent unions grow increasingly popular. The union is the one place where students can meet informally with pros who usually see only a blur of faces in classes of 500 to 2,000. Berkeley's Director Forrest Tregoe calls his union "a home away from home," where 25,000 students "can identify and not feel as if they are part of an IBM machine." Says Tregoe valiantly, "If you can agree that education is more than development of the intellect, we run an educational service."

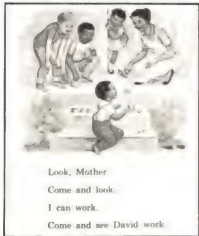
Primers for Slum Kids

The world of *My Little Red Story Book* consists of white children of an upper-middle-class family living in the suburbs with an apple tree, a pony, a two-car garage and heaps of toys. But in Detroit public schools, where this pre-primer is standard for first-graders, 46.5% of the children are Negroes living in city slums. Supposedly aimed at creating interest by picturing situations that might happen in its readers' lives, the book instead shows a remote and segregated world.

To raise reading interest, Detroit last week brought out three new primers whose characters are mostly Negro children. Aided by the Ford Foundation-financed Great Cities School Improvement Program, the books are the work of four Detroit educators who analyzed slum tots' talk, concluded that they need short primers with fewer words, more drama and humor. The books—*Fun with David*, *Play with Jimmy*, *Laugh with Larry*—do not improve on the much criticized run-Spot-run style of older primers. But now most of the faces are brown, "kitty" replaces "pony." David makes mud pies on the front stoop. Mother hangs the wash on the clothesline, and a friendly white kid named Larry comes to visit with a rope-leashed pup named Wiggles. To be tested in twelve Detroit schools that are 50% or more Negro, the books shun explicit details of the ugly world in which their readers live, try to portray an environment that their readers can reasonably imagine reaching. Hopefully, more reading is part of that environment.



Betty! Betty!
See Tom and Pony.
See Tom get the apple.
Tom can get the apple.



Look, Mother.
Come and look.
I can work.
Come and see David work.

"MY LITTLE RED STORY BOOK"

More recognizable when Mother hangs out the wash?

"LAUGH WITH LARRY"



BOLSHOI GLADIATORS IN "SPARTACUS"
More pantomime than dance, and silent-screen pantomime at that.

Soggy Spectacular

During intermission at the Metropolitan Opera House last week, a man badly in need of a breather approached an attendant at an exit. "When," he asked, "will the next orgy begin?"

He hardly had time to wait for an answer. The orgy began almost immediately, went on interminably, and inflicted on spectators perhaps the most tasteless evening ever endured at the Met. The occasion was the U.S. premiere of the Bolshoi Ballet's *Spartacus*, an extravaganza so preposterous it was hard to believe a professional dance company was responsible for it. The story dealt with Rome's slave revolt, as reported by Appian and Plutarch, and ended with the death of the slaves' leader, the gladiator Spartacus (once referred to by Karl Marx as "the most splendid fellow in all ancient history"). The choreography was by the Kirov Ballet's Leonid Yakobson, the music by Stalin Prizewinner Aram Khatchaturian, the role of the heroine danced by the Bolshoi's gifted Maya Plisetskaya. But the collaboration only underlined the Bolshoi's greatest weakness: an inability to respond to the fresh dance ideas that have swept so forcefully through Europe and the U.S.

Spartacus was meant to be the Bolshoi's answer to critics who accused the dance group of being hidebound traditionalists. Although it provoked some controversies when it was introduced in an earlier version in 1928, it gave Moscow audiences an unexpected glimpse of a racy world and eventually proved to be the most successful and talked-about ballet the Bolshoi had introduced in a decade. But in Manhattan it looked more like an elephant preserved under glass.

Spartacus, in fact, was more pantomime than dance—and silent-screen pantomime at that. From the first sledgehammer chord accompanied by the projection of Rome's Colosseum on the scrim curtain, spectators might well have guessed that they were in for triumphal processions, slave girls, gladiators, and courtesans, eye-rolling, tooth-grinding and a dose of belly dancing. By Scene 2 of Act 1, 16 corpses were sprawled about the stage. By the final curtain, the count had risen by another 27 corpses, with a crucifixion

MUSIC

or two thrown in. A feast at the Villa of Crassus provided an excuse for a seduction scene (by Ballerina Natalia Ryzhenko) and some writhing by 15 Cadiz dancing girls, all of them bare considerably south of the navel. Khatchaturian's thunderous score omitted scarcely a single cliché of film music, and not even Plisetskaya was equal to the absurdities of her role as Spartacus' wife. As Spartacus himself, the Bolshoi introduced a giant (Dmitry Begak) who danced just about the way a giant might be expected to.

All in all, a sad night for a renowned company.

Bossa Nova

Nobody is sure just what it is, or even what its name implies: according to various experts, the Portuguese slang expression *bossa nova* can mean "the latest thing" or "the new beat" or "the new

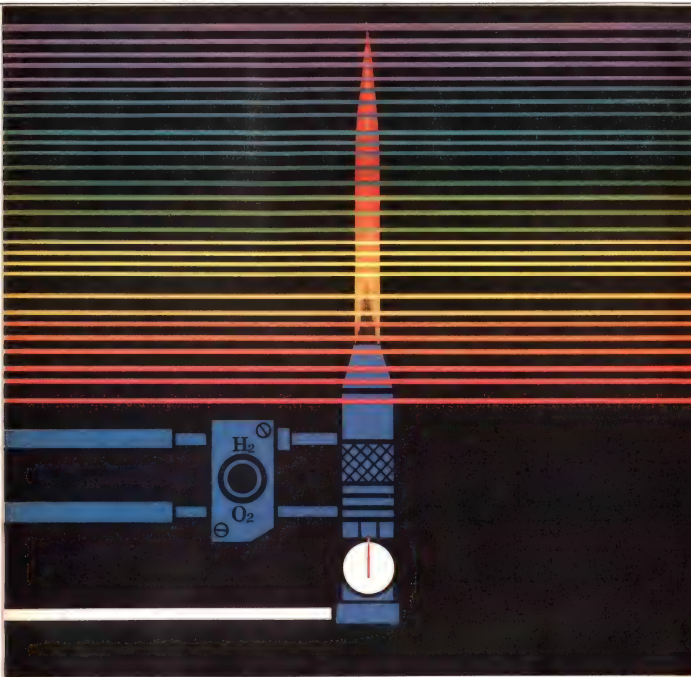
wrinkle." *Bossa* literally means a protuberance, but in the argot of Rio, it connotes a natural talent or knack, as in the line, "The Duke has a lot of *bossa*." The only points everybody is agreed on are that 1) *bossa nova* is a weird crossbreeding of cool jazz with chili-peppered Latin rhythms and 2) it is big, and getting even bigger.

Although it is generally too slow to dance to, *bossa nova* has been the rage of Brazilian café society for several years. In its home country it has become almost a religion. "Philosophically," says Brazilian jazzman Ronaldo Boscoli, "*bossa nova* is a frame of mind in the same way that Chaplin, Picasso, Prokofiev, Debussy and even Beethoven represented a new frame of mind. They were *bossa nova* in their time." Such U.S. jazzmen as Flutist Herbie Mann heard the new music, liked it and began putting it in their programs back home. ("Twist music," said Mann, "is all show and promise—no inner fire. *Bossa nova* is just the opposite.") Another early convert was Jazz Guitarist Charlie Byrd, who heard *bossa nova* while on a State Department-sponsored tour of Latin America. It was simple, Byrd discovered, "to play a very full jazz solo with this stuff; you can do a great deal that you can't do with regular four-four time." Byrd cut a *bossa nova* album with Tenor Saxophonist Stan Getz. Soon there were *bossa nova* recordings by, among others, Vibraphonist Cal Tjader, Bandleader Lionel Hampton, Saxophonists Sonny Rollins and Zoot Sims. The record companies, hungry for a trend, are now releasing rush 15 or so albums with *bossa nova* numbers onto the market. Among the featured performers: Peggy Lee, George Shearing, Vic Damone, Paul Anka.

Bossa nova is a loose, relaxed and infectious music that puts far more emphasis on melody than is usual in modern jazz. In practice, it can sound like straight *bossa nova* music with an occasional solo twister or two thrown in for jazz flavor, or like the meditative, moody farther reaches of chamber jazz. But when it is tastefully done, it has great appeal, with the long sinewy lines of improvising jazzmen pinned dramatically against richly filigreed percussion backgrounds.



BALLERINA RYZHENKO
A short wait between orgies.



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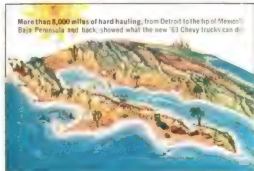
Here come the new '63 Chevrolet Trucks



Mexico's Baja wilderness brought out the best in new engines and chassis. Like nothing else could, this run tested the design and quality of every truck component—including the new Chevrolet truck 6-cylinder engines, the new light-duty coil-spring independent suspension and ladder-type frames and the new variable-rate front suspension in

medium- and heavy-duty trucks. For almost a month, traveling to the tip of the peninsula and back, the caravan of standard production '63 trucks (Fleet-side Pickup, Striped Pickup, Carryall, Series 60 Van, Series 60 Diesel and Series 80 Tandem) kept up a steady pace through boulder fields, cactus jungles, huli-deep sand and up towering grades.

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They whipped the toughest run under the sun—proved the cost-saving quality of new 8-cylinder engines, new suspensions, new frames...every '63 truck component!

Mexico's Baja (*hah'hah*) California Peninsula, stretching 1,000 miles south of Tijuana, is a land of scorching sun, endless desert, primeval cactus jungles, of towering, barren mountains. A road twists through this hot and silent place—a wilderness road made more for burros than motor vehicles. It bears no resemblance to the modern highways on the Mexican mainland.

Chevrolet, looking for the toughest performance challenge on the face of the map, selected this primitive Baja road as a testing site for the new 1963 Chevrolet trucks.

Six standard production 1963 models set out on the Baja run and virtually every foot of the way every wheel made jarring contact with rocks or ruts. Always, there was the dust, billowing up in yellow clouds, and the heat, sometimes rising to more than 120 degrees. And towering mountain ranges had to be crossed—treacherous switchback trails along sheer cliffs where loss of performance would have meant disaster.

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Long grinds up the mountains on the narrow, rocky roads put both trucks and drivers to the severest test. Brakes, steering mechanisms, engines—every truck component had to perform perfectly. Failure in this region could have been disastrous.



Deep sand slowed the caravan—but didn't stop it. Here's the '63 Chevy tandem, big 409 V8 putting out plenty of torque, plowing through.

◄ Canyon country, where trim new design (7" narrower) enabled the '63 medium- and heavy-duty Chevrolets to squeeze through the tight spots. This series 60 Van was powered by new Chevrolet truck 292 Six.

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RELIGION

A People at Prayer

"Somewhere in every man there is the capacity for worship and prayer, for the apprehension of God and the love of him," wrote Manhattan's famed Preacher Harry Emerson Fosdick. "Praying is a practice like breathing or eating." From Pentecostal ministers' roaring hallelujahs to Greek Orthodox choirs chanting the Divine Liturgy in four-part harmony from a widow silently mourning her dead husband to a child asking for a wanted toy, the nation last week was praying.

Some of the open worshipful recognition of God was visible in news stories across the U.S. In San Francisco, after St. Mary's Cathedral had been destroyed by fire, Archbishop Joseph McGucken asked the 75,000 Roman Catholics in his diocese "for prayers of thanksgiving that no lives were taken, and prayers of guidance for the future." Republican gubernatorial Candidate Jack Cox, a guest preacher in the Disciples of Christ, reminded a G.O.P. rally in Richardson, Texas: "Most of us are prone to forget to whom we owe thanks for what we have for what we are and for what we hope to be. For these things we owe thanks to God and not to the state."

Near the charred remains of the Mount Olive Baptist Church in Sasser, Ga., which segregationist whites had burned to the ground, Temple University Student Prathia Hall, 22, led the all-Negro congregation in a worship vigil. "We may not be free in our lifetime," she prayed, "but O God, Lord in Heaven, we're going to be free."

This Monday in Denver, Mayor Richard V. Batterson presides at the opening of a city-wide week of prayer to request

divine guidance for citizens and city officials alike, so as to spare the community any repetition of the police scandals that shamed Denver last year. Next Sunday, at the climax of this rogation period, more than 200 clergymen will read to their congregations an admonition from *II Chronicles*: "If my people . . . shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

"Recreation & Renewal." Not all the prayers were offered for such solemn causes. In Atlanta's Morningside Presbyterian Church, Dr. Arthur Vann Gibson offered prayers of guidance for candidates in the Democratic primary. The unburned congregation at Washington's Calvary Baptist Church bowed their heads to join in a post-summer oration: "We are thankful for the return of those who have been away enjoying days of recreation and renewal of body, mind and spirit."

Prayer is mostly personal, and judging whether it is growing more common is an exercise in measuring unknowns. Nonetheless, an impressive majority of ministers and laymen interviewed by TIME correspondents across the U.S. last week argue that the quality of the nation's praying has never been better. "I think there is more serious prayer," says Dr. Harold Kilpatrick, director of the Texas Council of Churches. "There has always been the foxhole prayer and the Santa Claus prayer, but there is now more identification with the Lord and submission to his will." "As a nation, we are praying more," insists the Right Rev. John Vander Horst, Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee.

Short & Eloquent. How the nation prays has changed mightily over the years, but the *Shema* (Hear, O Israel) remains the most common set prayer in Judaism and the Lord's Prayer is predictably the favorite Christian formula. "Everybody knows it," says one Atlanta minister. "It's reasonably short and really rather eloquent." Thanks to Protestantism's liturgical revival, congregations have found new inspiration in the stately collects and antiphons of the prayer books, the classic prayers of the church fathers. One modern prayer that has been widely reprinted is a request for God's blessing upon the astronauts, composed by Dr. Duell Kean of Washington's Epiphany Episcopal Church: "Almighty God . . . we beseech thee to protect with thy sustaining presence those who venture to explore the heavens."

At civic ceremonies, invocations are somewhat shorter and simpler than in the past—and may even on occasion live up to the standards of frankness set by the Right Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes Jr., Episcopal Bishop of Boston, who suggests that his priests say: "God forgive the graft that went into this building."

Despite the Supreme Court decision, many schools opened this fall with some



McGUCKEN AT CATHEDRAL RUINS
In distress, a need for guidance.

form of prayer. In San Francisco, the midmorning snack for kindergarten, first- and second-grade children is invariably preceded by a bouncy hymnlet that teachers have dubbed "The Graham Cracker Song."

*We thank thee, God, for food we eat,
For family and friends we meet,
For books we read and songs we sing;
We thank thee, God, for everything.*
Washington's Episcopal-run Beauvoir Elementary School incorporates a dose of natural theology in its kindergarten prayer.

*Great grey elephant, little yellow bee;
Tiny purple violet, big tall tree;
Red and white sailboat on a blue sea.
All these things you gave me, God,
When you made my eyes to see,
Thank you, God.*

Haunted, but Hunting. Among teenagers, says the Rev. Andrew Greeley, a sociologist and assistant pastor of Chicago's Christ the King Roman Catholic parish, "there is a hunger to find something of significance or meaning. These kids are haunted, but they are hunting." Church leaders have tried composing prayers in slang for the generation raised by Dick Clark—so far with little success. One such recent effort is a hortatory "humanitarian prayer," composed by Methodist Scout Leader Clifford John Mercer, 23, that has been used in a summer camp run by the Detroit Council of Churches. Sample lines: "God . . . God . . . Hey God! Can you hear me? O God, sometimes talking to you is like talking to a brick wall . . . Hey, Father, look at the world—will you look at it, Father?"

Churches are constantly experimenting with new ways to bring prayer to the people. On their own initiative, dedicated Christian laymen are experimenting with new forms of corporate worship. In some business firms, the prework prayer service is now almost as customary as the coffee break. Oklahoma City has at least 200 separate groups of Protestant business-



WALTER BENNETT

WORSHIP AT CALVARY BAPTIST
On returning, a note of thankfulness.

**There are more
than 4500
big orange
Allied vans—
What day do you
want us?**



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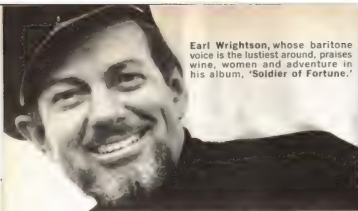
men and factory hands who gather during the day to pray in common for such causes as world peace and the recovery of sick friends. Detroit Lawyer Robert Choate, a Congregationalist, belongs to a cell of laymen who gather at 8 a.m. each Wednesday in a downtown office and hold a session of prayer. "All through the state I keep hearing of people who get together aside from regular church hours and pray," he says.

Getting in Tune. Dedicated worshippers are making it easier for others to pray along with them. Continental Airlines distributes cards containing a grace-before-meals along with its lunch and dinner trays. Los Angeles Disk Jockey Dick Whittinghill of KMPC calls up his teen-ager listeners between records, asks them to join him in reciting a close cousin of the New York State Regents' Prayer: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon thee, and we beg thy blessing upon us, our parents, our teachers, our loved ones and our country." Hollywood Psychiatrist Bernice Harker, a Methodist, has installed a tiny chapel in her office for the benefit of waiting patients and passers-by. "I don't claim any miracles from it," she says. "It is my idea that God is available and loves everybody, and we might as well get in tune and let him help."

Some ministers and rabbis wonder whether this apparent ocean of national prayer is more than ankle-deep. "Prayer is often a conditioned reflex," worries Dr. Edgar S. Brown Jr., executive director of the Commission of Worship for the Lutheran Church in America. "It's a handy thing to have around in time of trouble." Other clerical skeptics argue that their congregations have lost the art of praying; worship, they say, has become placid and mechanical—as if a boxer were absently crossing himself before each round of a fight.

Peace, Not Minks. In answer, other ministers point out that the day of the "gimme, gimme" prayer is over. "Prayer is not so materialistic any more, like asking for a mink coat to show off," insists Psychiatrist Harker. Ministers and priests point to a recent surge of lay interest in theology and Bible study; as a result, many Christians understand better than ever before that prayer is basically a dialogue with their Creator rather than a summary demand for divine action. Even in prayers of petition, ministers note, the requests are more impersonal; there are fewer demands for better jobs and glossier convertibles, proportionately more requests that God guide Congress and the President in their search for peace.

"Many people no longer pray to God to change external events," concludes a Methodist theologian named Georgia Harkness, "although under some circumstances this is legitimate. Prayer today is more a petition to God for direction and power to change these events. There was a time when people prayed for rain or riches, but that no longer seems common. Christians today believe God expects us to help."



Earl Wrightson, whose baritone voice is the lushest around, praises wine, women and adventure in his album, 'Soldier of Fortune.'



Dave Brubeck, Louis Armstrong and his band, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross and Carmen McRae all swing on one album, with a musical tale of the State Department-sponsored jazz tours of 'The Real Ambassadors.'



Ray Conniff, His Orchestra and Chorus vary the tempo but keep the catchy beat in their new recording, 'Rhapsody in Rhythm.'

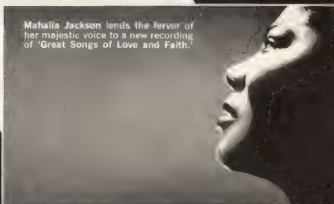
Frank De Vol, The Rainbow Strings and The Golden Voices, on a new LP, add their frankly sentimental sound to 'The Old Sweet Waltzes.'



Percy Faith mixes pervasive percussion with pulsating rhythms to capture, on LP, 'The Music of Brazil.'



Mahalia Jackson lends the fervor of her majestic voice to a new recording of 'Great Songs of Love and Faith.'



Andy Williams burnishes a ballad till it glows with tenderness. Hear him on his newest album, 'Warm and Willing.'



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THE PRESS

Press & President

"John F. Kennedy is floundering in a sea of troubles," wrote *New York Times's* Washington Columnist Arthur Krock. "He has reflected the uncertainty of what to do about it that Hamlet expressed in the famous mixed metaphor of the soliloquy. It is this shifting of tactics and moderation that has encouraged some of his opponents to believe they can retire him from the presidency after one term."

Absolutely Wrong. Strong criticism of the President has echoed through the daily press throughout the past month. His economy report evoked sneers: "Many words, little substance," said the *Dallas Times Herald*. His elevation of Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg to the U.S. Supreme Court, while greeted with approval in most quarters, outraged the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* ("a cynical payoff") and scared Columnist David Lawrence ("What a shiver of apprehension passes through the country").

As for his inability to ram his legislative program through a stubborn Congress, *New York Herald Tribune* Columnist Roscoe Drummond summed up: "There

is no doubt in my mind that Senator Kennedy was absolutely sincere in telling the American people in the 1960 campaign that if they would elect a Democratic President and give leadership to a Democratic Congress, all would go well. And he was absolutely wrong."

What's Cooking? The principal attacks on the President came after his do-nothing-now statement on a Soviet-armed Cuba. "APPEASEMENT," cried the *Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman*. Wrote Columnist Henry J. Taylor: "If the steel companies could evoke wrath from Mr. Kennedy, why cannot Cuba? It is better time the American people forced a higher policy than 'Let the dust settle.'"

"The American position is one of indecision, if not fearfulness," said the *Omaha World-Herald*. "It is one thing to proceed carefully," wrote Robert Spivack in the *Herald Tribune*. "It is something else to proceed 'cautiously' while the enemy is proceeding boldly." Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* insisted that "something has got to be done about Cuba and it had better be soon." Arthur Krock proposed naval patrols, David Lawrence called for 1) a total blockade and 2) severance of

diplomatic relations with Russia. Such actions, he conceded, "could lead to some fighting." The *New York Daily News* railed at presidential ignorance: "President Kennedy says he has no knowledge that Soviet Russia has recently sent some troops into Castro Cuba, Cuba, as the President sometimes calls it, is only 90 miles off Florida—oops, Florida. If the Kennedy Administration doesn't know what goes on in Cuba, one wonders how much, or how little, it knows about what's cooking in the rest of the world."

Much of this criticism came from normally Republican and conservative papers, who had previously on occasion expressed admiration for the young President. But even Kennedy's close friend, Columnist Joseph Alsop, touring around Europe, was now disturbed by the symptoms of irresolution. Bristling at Khrushchev's urbane threats to visiting U.S. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall ("It is no laughing matter when Khrushchev flatly informs a member of the U.S. Cabinet that he is going to take Berlin . . . and that the U.S. will do nothing about it in the end"), Alsop called for action. "Perhaps the time has come to get angry," he wrote. "Perhaps it would have been better to throw back in Premier Khrushchev's face the recent outrageous

PRESS CONFERENCE SAMPLER

Whitney A. Shoemaker of the Associated Press: Mr. President, coupling this statement with the one of last week, at what point do you determine that the buildup in Cuba has lost its defensive guise to become offensive? Would it take an overt act?

A: I think if you read last week's statement and the statement today—I've made it quite clear, particularly in last week's statement when we talked about the presence of offensive military missile capacity or development of military bases, other indications, which I gave last week. All these would, of course, indicate a change in the nature of the threat.

William McGaffin of the Chicago Daily News: Mr. President, could you tell us why the Alliance for Progress has not made more progress in the past year on Latin American problems in your judgment?

A: . . . Latin America has been neglected for many, many years. I would hope that a good many Americans who are particularly concerned about Cuba today would also take a very careful look at the very low standard of living in much of Latin America . . . I hope that in our concentration on the particular problem [Cuba] which I discussed at the opening we will extend our view and realize that what's at stake here is the freedom of a good many countries which are in very dire straits today . . . We are engaged in a tremendous operation with insufficient resources. And I think we are moving ahead since Punta del Este. But there's an awful lot of business left unfinished, and will be for some time. You cannot remake the face of Latin America overnight and provide better opportunity.

Chalmers Roberts of the Washington Post: You said in your opening statement that you now have full authority to act in the Cuban affair. In view of this, do you think there's any virtue in the Senate or the Congress passing a resolution saying you have that authority?

A: No, I think it—no, I think it's—I think the members of Congress would, speaking as they do with a particular

responsibility—I think would be useful, if they desire to do so, for them to express their view . . .

Jack Raymond of the New York Times: Mr. President, would you tell us some of your thinking of your request for special reserve mobilization power? Now, the international situation has led you twice to request such legislation. You could call a million reservists if you declared a national emergency. Why don't you do that?

A: Well, I think there are several stages of a possible crisis. The call of a national emergency is, I would say, the near—the final step of a crisis, but there may be increased threats which would require us to call some reservists, particularly in the air, maybe at sea, possibly on the ground . . . We have, as you know, of course, increased our Army strength from eleven to 16 divisions in the last year and a half. Now if we need, of course—if we're in a national emergency where the United States is threatened with very serious military action, of course, there'd be no hesitancy in declaring it. But we might be in a situation where the declaration of a national emergency might not be the most appropriate step, and in that case, we might—we would use the power granted to us by the Congress.

Raymond: Mr. President, in that connection your request for only 150,000 reservists would seem to not support the opinion expressed because it seems no stage at all.

A: Well, I think that . . .

Raymond: You said it strengthened the armed forces.

A: That's correct. Then we have 150,000 more that we could call. They could be in very critical areas. As I've said, the air and the sea are two. And of course there could be Guard divisions called if the United States were obliged to reinforce its forces any place. The ability to call up needed men would make an appreciable difference. Now, as I say, we always have the final weapon, or nearly final weapon, of a national emergency and the power to call a million men. But the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Secretary of Defense felt that this intermediate step could be very useful during the period when Congress is out of session.



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note about Cuba and Berlin as 'unacceptable and non-received.'"

This, of course, has not been done. And at Kennedy's press conference last week, the punch and incisiveness lay, not in the presidential answers, but in reporters' questions (see box).

Hospitable World Host

Vladimir Lenin read the first issue from cover to cover. On attaining the White House, John F. Kennedy drew from the magazine's roster of contributors to help staff his Administration all the way up to Cabinet level. In the major councils of world government, it is studied as if it were the official voice of the U.S. Department of State. It is not. But in 40 years in anniversary reached this week, *Foreign Affairs* quarterly has grown to be an accurate and authoritative observer of world

nephew of Grant's Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, and son of a U.S. diplomat (D. Maitland Armstrong, U.S. consul general to Italy in 1871). Armstrong served briefly as a military attaché in the U.S. consulate in Belgrade in 1910 before becoming European correspondent for the *New York Evening Post*. Then, in 1922, the Council on Foreign Relations, a group of Manhattan financiers, lawyers and businessmen, started *Foreign Affairs* on the conviction that isolationism had died with the last doughboy. The council figured that intelligent U.S. citizens would be interested in an intelligent look at the world around them. Foreign Correspondent Armstrong was hired as managing editor of the quarterly's two-man staff. (The other staffer was editor and sometime Harvard history professor Archibald Cary Coolidge.)

From the start, *Foreign Affairs* set a standard for excellence that has not found a challenger. In the first issue, Elihu Root Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of State alerted the country to its global destiny. "No nation whose citizens' trade and travel need consider whether or not it will be a member of the community of nations. It cannot help itself." Editor Coolidge wrote a prophetic study of the young Russian state, discreetly signing it "K" because he did not want to commit the quarterly itself to any point of view.

With the same care, Armstrong, who became editor after Coolidge's death in 1928, has preserved *Foreign Affairs'* role as hospitable but impartial host to all international viewpoints. A world observer of considerable vision himself—"A people has disappeared," he wrote in his 1933 book *Hitler's Reich* at a time when most of the world still considered the Nazi leader a harmless crackpot—Armstrong has yielded the floor to the world's thought molders, statesmen and diplomats.

The Right Side. For its birthday issue this week, *Foreign Affairs* rounded up a particularly illustrious list of contributors including West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's "The German Problem, A World Problem", Anthropologist Margaret Mead's "The Underdeveloped and the Overdeveloped", Guinea's leftist President Sékou Touré's "Africa's Future and the World", Nigeria's West-leaning Prime Minister Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa's "Nigeria Looks Ahead", General Lucius D. Clay with a plea for a strong policy on Berlin.

Now approaching 10,000 circulation—up from 5,000 the first year—*Foreign Affairs* is within a hair's breadth of paying its own way. But the magazine remains the same journal that was conceived 40 years ago, an international forum still wrapped in the same blue cover still printed on a flatted press, still paying heads of government \$10 an article. All that has changed is the world. Isolation did indeed die with the last doughboy, as *Foreign Affairs'* founders so clearly foresaw. "All we can really say after 40 years," says Editor Armstrong, "is that we've been on the right side of a general proposition.

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Foreign Affairs not only observes world events but frequently anticipates and even shapes them. U.S. Presidential Candidate Kennedy's interest in Dean Rusk was first whetted by a 1960 article, "The President," after reading "The Broken Dialogue with Japan" in a later issue that same year. President Kennedy was moved to appoint its author, Edwin O. Reischauer, U.S. Ambassador to Japan. State Department Kremlinologists regard *Foreign Affairs* as an indispensable source of inside dope on Moscow officialdom; the quarterly has published more than 300 articles on Soviet Russia—some of them beneath such indisputably knowledgeable bylines as Leon Trotsky, Soviet theoretician N. Bukharin and Nikita Khrushchev.

Community of Nations. Moderator of this global forum is Hamilton Fish Armstrong, a vigorous, white-haired, bushy-browed man of 60 who qualifies for the post both by lineage and interest. Grand-



2 shapes known

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(The only reason you can't buy a Volkswagen at the North Pole is that we won't sell you one. There's no VW

service around the corner.)

We hear that it's possible to buy yourself a Coke at the North Pole, though.

Which makes us suspect there's only one thing that can get through ahead of a Volkswagen.

A Coke truck.





CHICAGO'S MARINA CITY
Functional, beautiful, thrifty...

The Circle & the T Square

From the Tower of Babel to the railroad roundhouse, men have always felt an almost romantic affection for circular buildings. Now, newly appreciated for form and function, round buildings are rising all over the U.S., and filling a variety of needs.

For Religion. Circular buildings are fitting for churches through their ability to focus worshippers' attention on a central event. The newest and perhaps most striking round church in the U.S., the Church of the Priory of St. Mary and St. Louis, was consecrated this month near St. Louis. Designed by Gyo Ohata, with engineering consultation from Italy's Pier Luigi Nervi, the church is a confection of thin concrete shells resembling nuns' coiffured into a giant pudding mold. On top of the graceful central lantern is the slenderest of crosses. Says Joseph Cardinal Ritter, Archbishop of St. Louis: "It is an outstanding demonstration of the ingenuity of man in honoring almighty God."

Not a church but still devoted to purposes of religion is the new headquarters of the American Baptist Convention at Valley Forge, Pa., near Philadelphia. Here, Architect Vincent G. Kling neatly resolved a problem that had been bothering the Baptists: they wanted a building to house five separate divisions of the church's operation, yet one in which no division would be given preferential space. The doughnut-shaped structure they got houses each of the five divisions in harmonious wedges within. The Baptist Convention's highly unconventional building

clearly visible near Interchange 24 of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, has created a small headache for turnpike cops because of rubberneckers' traffic slowdowns; inside the building another problem has arisen: a tendency on the part of office girls to get lost. But, says Director of the Division of Communications the Rev. R. Dean Goodwin, "all they have to do is keep walking and they'll come back to where they started."

Other notable round buildings for religion in the U.S.: Frank Lloyd Wright's Greek Orthodox Church of the Annunciation near Milwaukee; Saarinen's chapels at M.I.T. and Drake University; William Hidell's St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Dallas.

For Medicine. An exemplary hospital-in-the-round is suburban Boston's Brookline Hospital, finished in 1959 for \$1,600,000. Architect Joseph L. Eldredge thinks that it cost 7% less than a rectangular one of the same area, partly because there is less outside wall area and partly because plumbing, heating, ventilation and electrical conduits can be better concentrated in a central core. Patients' rooms are shaped like pie slices. Nurses like walking its circular corridors: "It's a kind of optical illusion—we can't see that long hallway stretching ahead." No illusion: a nurse's trip from service area to patient is only about 20 ft., as compared with an average of 90 ft. in standard hospital buildings. Another eye-catching round hospital: Charles Luckman's Valley Presbyterian in Van Nuys, Calif.

For Business. One of the most light-hearted round buildings in the U.S. is a bank; the little Wells Fargo branch gracing the plaza of the glassy, curtain-walled Crown Zellerbach Building in San Francisco. Architect Peter Kitchell, design head of the bank for Skidmore, Owings & Merrill turns a deaf ear to critics who grump that the bank, with its fluted roof and carousel airiness, is wrong for its setting at the foot of the zooming Zellerbach tower. Says he: "The essence of our bank is its simple shape. The Wells Fargo people love it; the first manager there treated it better than his wife."

A unique marriage of roundness to function is the Pan American World Air-

ways terminal building at New York's Idlewild airport. A roundhouse for the jet age, its giant umbrella roof can shelter eight airliners at once as they nuzzle up to take on passengers. It successfully does away with the greatest inconvenience of modern air travel: the wearisome warrens of corridors that stretch seemingly for miles out into the windy tundra. Other outstanding round commercial buildings: Henri Jova's branch bank for the Trust Company of Georgia in Atlanta; Hollywood's Capitol Records Tower, designed by Welton Becket & Associates.

For Housing. Nearing completion in Chicago is a double-barreled monument to circularity. Marina City, poking its twin towers 68 stories above the Chicago River north of the Loop, is the tallest apartment house ever built.

Marina City has its roots in a complex of lower, earthbound buildings—a theater, a restaurant, two dozen shops, a block-long office building, a bowling alley, and a marina for 700 private boats. The first 30 floors of each tower will be given over to spirals of garage space; rising above will be apartments and penthouses to house 806 families. With all its recreational and shopping features nestled conveniently at its base, it is a microcosm of a city and tenants can work, relax and shop without going off the reservation. When Architect Bertrand Goldberg tried to explain this concept to his mother-in-law, she replied "That's simple. It's what we used to call living above the store."

The reasons for round buildings are as varied as their purposes. In some, roundness has been dictated by a client who simply wants "something different"—and to this group belong the mushroom motel's and "fun" private houses that punctuate the countryside. In others, site, utility and economics, as well as esthetics, are factors. Round buildings can be functional and beautiful, thrifty and structurally sound. As long as rectangular city blocks dictate the shape of building plots and therefore their most economical use, round buildings will have to be reserved for special architectural occasions. That these occasions arise once in a while in a world of plot-hogging glass and steel shoe boxes is reason enough to be grateful.



ST. LOUIS PRIORY
...and wholly, in the round.



A LITTLE TOWN'S NEW PRIDE

THE 5,500 residents of elm-shaded Williamstown, in the northwest corner of Massachusetts, this month got for their permanent pleasure a masterpiece that the biggest cities of the world would welcome with gratitude and pride: Ugolino da Siena's *Madonna and Child with Saints and Prophets*.

By some forgotten stroke of fortune, the polyptych, which is 11 ft. 2½ in. long, escaped the fate of much of Italy's best religious art in the political turmoil of the early 1800s, when altarpieces were looted and broken up and sold piecemeal. The vibrant colors have survived nearly 650 years with little restoration, and although most of the framework for the panels is a modern reconstruction, the work looks today almost exactly as it did when it was completed by Ugolino. Art experts believe that this is the oldest known seven-panel polyptych in existence.

No one knows what church it was done for originally, though it was probably Franciscan inasmuch as St. Francis is prominently shown in the first panel on the left. It was acquired complete by the Chandon family of Parcieux, France, some time before 1862; it found its way in 1960 to Manhattan's Wildenstein galleries. Two months ago, dipping into its endowment (from a Singer sewing machine fortune), the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in

Williamstown bought the polyptych for a reputed \$750,000, and put it on display early this month in the institute's pocket-size Grecian temple of white Vermont marble.

Ugolino, a follower of Duccio and one of the greatest Sienese Gothic painters, painted the altarpiece in tempera on gold-leaf wood. The robes of the older saints (Andrew, Paul and Peter, in the second, third and fifth panels) are somberly simple, while St. Stephen and St. Louis of Toulouse (who was a bishop) are garbed in elaborately embroidered vestments—an unconscious commentary on the fact that the early Christian saints lived in poverty while those in the later church waxed opulent. The six side panels are capped by Gothic pinnacles containing portraits of the Prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, Moses, David, Daniel and Jeremiah, each holding scrolls bearing Biblical texts. In the central pinnacle is Christ as the Redeemer.

As the drift of masterpieces to museums takes more and more treasures permanently off the market, paintings like Williamstown's new acquisition get increasingly rare. Says Art Historian John Pope-Hennessy of London's Victoria and Albert Museum: "I think it unlikely that the opportunity to purchase a masterpiece of this type and date will recur."



The year of the

The quiet time (1964-65) in the strange 11 year solar cycle, sets the cosmic stage for experiments of vital importance to space exploration

What does the intense radiation from solar flares do to an unshielded Astronaut? How does it affect his electronic equipment, without which he would quickly be lost in the void of Space?

As man at last breaks his bondage to Earth, one of the great dangers is his lack of knowledge about the sun's processes. To understand solar phenomena better, an organized investigation will be conducted by the world scientific community during the year of the quiet sun. Comparison of results with data obtained during the sun's active period (1957-60) may provide new insights into radiation beyond the earth's atmosphere.

Douglas scientists will further their own intensive studies of solar radiation during this period. The Douglas Antarctic Riometer Station, operating in cooperation with the National Science Foundation in the study of solar cosmic rays, will contribute to this effort. Its polar location allows it to "see through" the earth's magnetic field.

Studies of solar events are among the more than five hundred research programs now under way at Douglas.



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Douglas, through its work on the S-IV stage of Saturn, contributes to project Apollo, which will put a man on the moon during this decade.

quiet sun...





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SPORT

The Rocket's Slam

In a half century of amateur tennis, only one man has achieved a grand slam of the game's four major tournaments—Don Budge, who in 1938 swept the Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S. championships. Last week another name went into the record book beside Budge's. At Forest Hills, N.Y., Rod ("Rocket") Laver, a deceptively small (5 ft. 9 in.), bowlegged Australian, scored a smashing victory in the U.S. championships to complete his own remarkable sweep and match Budge's 24-year-old record. Laver did it by defeating Fellow Aussie Roy Emerson, the player who had beat him for the U.S. title last year.

Knocking Knees. A star of Australia's Davis Cup team for two years, Laver had never before managed to put two of the four top titles together. But this season he has been all but unbeatable. He won the Italian, Netherlands, Norwegian and Swiss championships, commenced his pursuit of the slam with victories over Emerson in Australia and France. In July he won at Wimbledon with such astonishing ferocity that Martin Mulligan, another countryman whom he dispatched in barely 53 minutes, gasped: "I must have offended him."

By the time he got to Forest Hills, says Laver, "I was so nervous I could hear my knees knocking all right, and the strain may have affected my game a little." If it did, he was the only one who noticed it. He breezed through his six preliminary matches with the loss of only one set. In the finals, he ran away with the first two sets 6-2 and 6-4, then grew momentarily careless and let Emerson come back 7-5 to take the third. But in the final set he broke service in the first game, and from then on everything was his.

Wrist & Spin. Until this year, few experts rated Laver as a serious threat to Budge's lonely eminence. One of the "tennis lubies" that Australia seems to breed as profusely as kangaroos, he was

one of four children, all tennis players, brought up by a father who was an avid player and a mother who sometimes skipped kitchen duties to bat tennis balls around with her brood. At 15 he quit school to play tennis fulltime under the eye of Harry Hopman, the genius of Australian tennis. His booming serve and volley are impressively hard for a little man; but his greatest strength is his vicious ground game and the cunning way he masks his shots. With the unique ability to shift his racket at the last moment, he can hit a baseline drive flat, give it high-bouncing top spin or grass-skidding underspin. Yet for all his skills, he still seemed too small, too temperamental, too easily unsettled by pressure to achieve a slam. He lost twice in the finals at Wimbledon ('59 and '61); Forest Hills, where he lost in '60 and '61, also seemed to have him jinxed—until last week.

After Laver's victory, there were the inevitable comparisons with Budge. Granting the general dolor of tennis today, Coach Mercer Beasley, at 80 the judge-historian of amateur tennis, says: "Laver has more equipment than Budge ever had. He would have beaten Budge." Professional Promoter Jack Kramer, who as an amateur got halfway to a grand slam in 1947, takes a somewhat cooler view: "Right now he's not in Budge's class. Sedgman, Gonzales, Hoad, Rosewall, Segura, even Trabert, who's 32, could beat Laver. When Laver turns pro, he's going to get beaten just like every other amateur champion who turned pro. I think I was the last guy who turned pro and won right away."

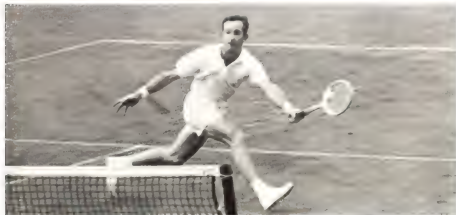
At Forest Hills the word was that tennis buffs would get their answer this winter, that Laver would sign with the pros right after Australia's 1962 Davis Cup defense. But Rocket Rod himself was toying with the idea of remaining an amateur for at least one more year. "There's always a second time," he said. "No one has brought that off yet."

The \$50,000 Answer

After only eight months on the pro tour, 22-year-old Jack Nicklaus has long since discarded his freshman beanie. In 23 tournaments, he has officially won \$53,518, never finishing out of the money and dwarfing all earning records for a rookie. To cap it off last June, he won the U.S. Open (Time cover, June 20), decisively beating Arnie Palmer, himself only 33 and golf's grand master, whose well-deserved popularity should have been enough to freeze any first-year man. But then in the British Open, next month, Nicklaus shot a disastrous, not-to-be-recovered first-round 80 while Palmer was burning up the course, and golf's wise heads wondered how good the youngster really was.

Last week Nicklaus gave a pretty good indication. Playing in the three-man World Series of Golf at Akron's Firestone Country Club, he took on both Palmer and South Africa's Gary Player, winner of this year's P.G.A. title. Nicklaus beat them both—by an overwhelming four strokes, touring the course in two days with a 36-hole score of 135, five under par. For his efforts, he won another \$50,000, the richest purse in golf, while Palmer and Player, tied at 139, split a soothing \$25,000 in second- and third-place money.

A Big One. Televised by NBC to 9,000,000 golf fans across the U.S., the World Series was not a true tournament at all. Only the winners of the U.S. Open, British Open, Masters and the P.G.A. championship were invited. The P.G.A. put it in the same category as an exhibition, refused even to count the prize money in its "unofficial winnings" list. And there were times when it did indeed seem like more of a spectacular than a golf match. The cameras picked up the golfers at the 13th tee in each of the two rounds, at one point kept the trio waiting for ten minutes while the sponsors (Zenith, Amara-home freezers) got in their plugs. Technicians drummed distractions on the TV towers, and former P.G.A. Champ Bob Rosburg, who was announce-



LAVIER VOLLEYING AT FOREST HILLS

Also flicks, twists and a cannon-like service.



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ing the show, often told the players what club to use on a shot. Said Nicklaus: "I heard Rosburg say I'd probably use a five iron on the 16th, so to spite him I used a four."

But the money was there, and so was the competition. Grim and intent, Arnie Palmer complained before the match: "It doesn't seem fair that a single missed putt should cost you \$35,000." Nicklaus did nothing to ease the tension; he insisted on calling it "a tournament," and a big one at that. "The way I see it," said he, "this tournament ranks right behind the U.S. Open now. The one who wins it has a real claim to being the best."

Putts & Pains. First day, all eyes were on Palmer. To the cheers of some 6,000 members of "Arnie's Army," Palmer started off with three straight birdies, and then, using only 25 putts for the round, went on to score a course-record-tying 65 for the 18 holes. Ordinarily, that would have been enough to win a 36-hole match. But at the end of the day, Palmer was only a single stroke ahead. Playing near-flawless golf, Nicklaus himself had shot a quite remarkable 66. Muttered Palmer: "I wasn't playing very well today. But I sure was lucky."

Next day, Palmer's red-hot putter turned cold. The birdies started coming up bogeys, and Nicklaus, taking off from his first-round 66, pulled irresistibly ahead. Every pro studies his course, but Nicklaus charts it like a geophysical survey, marking down every hazard, distance to the green, and what club to use on the cards he carries in his pocket. Ben Hogan was the same meticulous kind of golfer. But unlike the dour Hogan, who rarely uttered a word to his partner, Nicklaus is a more relaxed competitor, unfazed by gallery distractions or a golfer's small talk. And when he steps up to the tee, he belts a ball farther than Bantam Ben, or even muscular Arnie Palmer, ever dreamed of hitting it. Very few pros hit a longer ball than Nicklaus; no one gets it out so far so accurately. Pivoting his Teddy-bear shape back and around, frowning in total concentration, he manages to put all 202 lbs. behind the shot at the moment of impact, and when his game is at its peak, he unleashes so much energy in his drive that his back starts to pain slightly. "It's just an ache," he says, "but I love it."

The bruish, 7-165-yd. Firestone course, one of the longest championship courses in the world, clearly favored the big hitter, and Nicklaus made the most of it. On the second day, letting out his drive on the 460-yd. par-four 13th hole, he outdrove Palmer by 55 yds., Player by 80. By the time the play reached the 12th hole, it was virtually over. Matching his drives with brilliant approaches and a delicate putter, Nicklaus had two birdies and two bogeys on his card for an unbeatable three-stroke lead. A final birdie on the 18th was just frosting on the cake and the finishing touch on a 72-stroke back nine.

Pocketing his \$50,000 winner's check, Nicklaus grandly tipped his caddy \$1,000



WINNER NICKLAUS
"Just an ache, but I love it."

and headed west to Seattle for the \$30,000 (\$4,300 for first place) Seattle Open. After that, he goes back to Ohio State to complete a quarter of his senior year, and, as he says, "get a little rest."

An End to Infinity

It had been a bad season for racers at Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats, and the autumn rains were less than a month away. Officials were just about ready to call it quits for the year when Glenn Leasher, a 26-year-old dragster from Burlingame, Calif., showed up with an improbable creation called *Infinity*. Leasher and three partners pooled \$12,000 to buy a surplus General Electric J-47 jet engine complete with afterburner, the same power plant used in the F-86 Sabre jet of Korean war fame. The young dragster encased his engine in a 400-lb. aluminum body mounted on four wheels, added a pair of eight-foot parachutes for more braking power, and announced himself ready to beat the record. "If this thing ever takes off, it'll never come down," he said.

Back home on California dragstrips, Leasher had often exceeded 180 m.p.h. in piston-engined cars. But this was something else again. On the first test run, the massive jet blasted the car to 330 m.p.h. After a second run through the measured mile at a relatively conservative 287 m.p.h., he came back to the pits to tell his crew that "everything is perfect—great."

His third run was announced as another test. But those who were watching said that Leasher let the engine build up to full power, and for good measure, some said, lit the afterburner. When he entered the measured mile, timers guessed his speed at well over 400 m.p.h. It could have been as high as 475.

As the car flashed down the track, it suddenly blew apart in a ball of flame. Glenn Leasher and his *Infinity* were scattered over a mile of salt. Only the monstrous engine was found in one piece.

SCIENCE

ANTHROPOLOGY

Art of Tribal Renewal

Before his tragic death on an expedition to Netherlands New Guinea last year, young Michael C. Rockefeller, 23, managed to collect much of what he was searching for in the far Pacific: the religious art of the Asmat, a little-known Papuan people who live on the water-logged Casuarinen Coast. Last week Rockefeller's extraordinary collection of Asmat carvings was on exhibition by New York's Museum of Primitive Art, and Dutch Anthropologist Adrian A. Gerbrands, who accompanied Rockefeller to New Guinea, was on hand to explain the intricate symbolism.

Art in New Guinea, said Dr. Gerbrands, is intensely religious, tangled in the mys-

tery. Even today, the Asmat carve figures, as the old magician did, and drum them to new "life."

Next step is to select two especially fine sago trees, which are the Asmat's principal source of food. The warriors stalk the trees as if they were human enemies and attack them with their deadliest weapons. After being "killed," the trees are partially stripped of bark and dressed in leaf skirts like women. Six weeks later, the trunks are split open to collect and eat the finger-size beetle grubs that have grown inside them. Without these grubs, which are full of fat and considered delicious, no Asmat religious operation can hope to be successful.

Well fortified with sacred grubs, the Asmat then pick out several unusually beautiful mangrove trees and attack them,

to rot. Perhaps the souls of dead ancestors go away with them and cease to annoy the living; perhaps their decay helps the procreation of the sago trees. The Asmat are well aware that all this is an anticlimax, but when the Dutch leave New Guinea, as they soon must, the ceremonial may culminate as of old in a real head-hunting raid on a neighboring tribe. If it is successful, the warriors will return holding the severed heads in front of their genitals, the better to emphasize their virility to the worshipping women.

NUCLEAR PHYSICS

Radiation by Mistake

Foreign critics screamed that the U.S. high-altitude nuclear test of July 9 would destroy the natural radiation belt that girdles the earth. An impressive group of U.S. scientists including Professor James Van Allen, who discovered the belt, brushed aside such fears. The nuclear explosion, they predicted, would have little effect on the natural radiation belt, and any additional radiation that it might cause in space near the earth would dissipate in a few days. Last week the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Department of Defense issued a sheepish joint report that proved both critics and defenders were wildly wrong. The new artificial belt is unexpectedly large, strong and long-lasting.

Saved by Sapphire. At its lowest point, over the South Atlantic, the belt reaches to within 200 miles of the earth's surface. Over the Pacific it stays 500 miles above the surface. In latitude, it extends 4,800 miles north and south of the magnetic equator. It is 3,100 miles thick, reaching well into the Van Allen belt of natural radiation. Its spiraling electrons, which originated in the high altitude test explosion, have as much as 1,000,000 electron-volts of energy. At their strongest, they are about ten times as intense as the natural radiation.

First victims of the new radiation were three U.S. satellites, TRAAC, Ariel and Transit IV-B, that were knocked out of commission, presumably because of damage to the solar cells that supply their power. Fortunately, the communication satellite Telstar has been unharmed; its solar cells are covered by protective windows of sapphire. In the future, says NASA, all its satellites will have sapphire windows; other necessary changes have not yet been determined. Though the problem is serious, NASA's experts think the new radiation will not affect manned U.S. satellite flights.

Considered Permanent. After their notably poor predictions, few scientists, friendly or otherwise, are eager to give firm estimates of how long the new radiation will last. The AEC dodges by predicting that the lowest electrons will be lost in the atmosphere in 150 days, but that some of the highest may stay up much longer. NASA estimates can be interpreted to mean that some of the highest electrons may last for 10,000 years.

For all its unexpected results, the July 9



NEW GUINEA ANCESTOR POLES & ASMAT NATIVE
Symbols for posterity.



teries of life and death. Among the Asmat, he explained, death is always the work of an enemy, who may kill a man in battle or sicken him by long-distance magic. Every death weakens the close-knit tribe, and if the dead man was an important personage, the tribe's loss of strength is considered so serious that something must be done about it. A successful head-hunting raid against guilty neighbors restores the injured tribe's prestige and self-respect, but such expeditions are not undertaken lightly. They require an enormous amount of preliminary ceremonial.

Sacred Grubs. Among the ceremonials may be the re-enacting of their legend of creation. In older times, the Asmat believe, a great magician wandered through their country. He was alone, and when he began to long for company, he carved wooden figures and set them up in a forest glade. Then he beat on a drum, and the statues came to life to keep him com-

pany. When the bark is stripped off, the wood bleeds blood-red sap that enforces the symbolism. The felled trunks, each with a wide buttress root attached, are carried into the village, where the women greet them with rejoicing as if they were enemy corpses. The women, says Dr. Gerbrands, are more deeply religious than the men.

The mangrove trunks are taken to carvers who shape them into fantastic "ancestor poles." Each pole generally has two male figures, one standing on the other's head. The buttress root serves the upper figure as a gigantic, openwork phallic symbol. In a final climactic ceremony, the ancestor poles are set up near the men's house, and the warriors stage a fierce mock battle followed by a wild dance in which the women attack the men.

Anticlimax. The Dutch rulers of Western New Guinea have discouraged head-hunting, so the elaborate buildup generally ends at this point. The ancestor poles are taken out into the sago forest and left

high-altitude shot yielded so much information of military value that preparations for other high-altitude shots to evaluate the new data are still continuing. The restricted area around Johnston Island will be re-established next week for new tests. Lower in altitude and lower in energy than the big July shot the next tests may not add many more electrons to the earth's multiple belts. But NASA is now playing it safe; it is hastily building a tough new satellite to keep tab on all radiation, both natural and man-made.

That Chunk of Sputnik

After a series of bright, meteorlike objects had shone in Middle Western skies, and cops picked up a 20-lb. piece of hot steel on a quiet Wisconsin street, word got out that a Soviet Sputnik had broken up above the U.S. The steel was rushed to the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass., where a 6-lb. piece was cut off. The rest went to Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico to be tested for radioactivity. Last



SOVIET MISSILE FRAGMENT
When cool, pick up.

week, skeptics, who had all along suspected a hoax, got an official disappointment: the steel really came from a Sputnik.

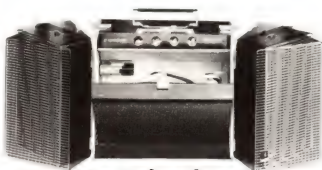
First report was from Los Alamos. Radiation Expert Dr. Ernest C. Anderson reported that the object has the same sort of radioactivity that is shown by natural iron meteorites. Cosmic rays from distant space have turned some of its iron atoms to unstable manganese 54, which gives off radiation while it is decaying to stable chromium 54. This is good proof that the object was part of a spacecraft that had orbited for a long time above the atmosphere, which stops most cosmic rays. The piece that fell on Manitowoc, Wis., probably came from the breakup of Sputnik IV, the five-ton Russian satellite that was launched on May 15, 1960 and disintegrated Sept. 5, 1962.

No one was sure what part of the Sputnik the chunk of steel came from. It is roughly lens-shaped, with one face smooth and the other covered with very rough steel that looks as if it had melted and then hardened again. This could have happened if the chunk moved white-hot through the atmosphere with the smooth face forward, allowing molten steel to flow to the cooler rear side and solidify there.

Los Alamos experts do not want anyone to get the idea that metal which has been exposed to space is dangerously radioactive. The Sputnik chunk, they say is less radioactive than many kinds of granite and wholly harmless. Future satellite fragments can be safely gathered and sent to the proper authorities for analysis.



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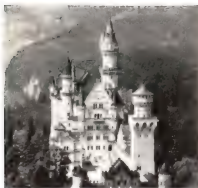


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MODERN LIVING

THE HOME

Help!

Maud McGehee, who has worked as a domestic in Atlanta for more than 30 years, recently published a book of poems (with the help of a longtime employer). One of the poems tells of the warm excitement of a girl on her way to answer an advertisement for domestic help:

*My big white apron is shining clean,
And I love every baby I've ever seen.
I'll tell that lady, if she takes me on
I'll love her baby like I'd love my own.*

How sweeter than a Shakespearean sonnet, murmur millions of American women. But they also know how lamentably untrue. In fact, they are ready to offer their own love for the maid's baby if only the maid will stay on. The story is told of a domestic whose three illegitimate children were adopted by her employer, whereupon she left the household because, she said, "I would never work for a woman with three children."

The "servant problem" has long been a staple of female conversation among those who could afford the problem, but never, as today, have so many talked about so few. The huge increase in the number of working wives and of families affluent enough to afford domestic help has created a record demand for servants. But domestic service has fallen so low on the U.S. status scale—it used to be considered a skilled career—that most girls would rather work in a dime store, even at a lower salary.

Everyone a Vice President. "When I was a girl," says a Kansas City matron, "most of my friends' families had servants. Today I know of only one family with servants who live in. It isn't the pay. It's simply a matter of being unable to

get a maid or a cook to live in at any price." Many families live in smaller homes than they can afford just so that they will be able to get along without domestic help, trusting to modern appliances to make the housewife's work easier. Los Angeles Architect William Pereira, who earns more than \$100,000 a year, designed his spectacularly efficient \$250,000 home specifically so that he would not need a maid—then had to start hunting when his wife protested. "Nobody wants to be a maid anymore," said Pereira, "Everybody wants to be a vice president."

The maid shortage has been heightened by the fact that Negroes, who have long made up a large part of the U.S. servant population, have widened their horizons. With a new sense of pride in their battle for recognition and civil rights, many now consider domestic work demeaning, particularly in the North, where so many other jobs are available. Harlem still has its large core of older domestics, for example, but fewer and fewer younger girls look to domestic work as any sort of career; many would prefer to work in factories or stores.

A Slave at Home. A housewife who finally succeeds by some magic in finding a helper, be she live-in maid or day worker, may be surprised to discover that what passes for a domestic has undergone a vast change. Most of today's domestics are as militant as union members in their demands, which may range from a TV set of their own (practically a necessity for live-ins) to use of the family car on their days off. Frequently, they rule out whole areas of household work. Moreover, those who are willing to be maids and general houseworkers tend more and more to be those who are not employable as anything else. Says Mrs. Merry Drury, owner of

Atlanta's Merry Way Employment Service: "There are thousands of people walking the streets who don't know how to make up a bed, but they do know how to apply as domestics."

Domestic pay has risen slowly compared with other work, but in most cities outside the South a maid can draw as much as \$75 a week, a cook more than \$90—both with room and board included if they want it—and a chauffeur about \$80 to \$100 a week. Day workers usually charge by the hour, rarely get less than the \$1.25 minimum wage and often get up to \$2.50. Whatever the pay—and many families are willing to pay much more than the average to get help—rapid turnover vastly complicates the servant problem. In fact, many household workers, like their employers, now like to stay North in the summer, then quit when winter approaches and take another job in Florida.

The other side of the coin is the servants' complaint that families often expect them to do too much for the money they get and the hours they put in. As they see it, the wealthy families of years past treated their household help with courtesy and respect, and frequently had more than one helper to do all the work now required of one. Many middle-class American women, whose husbands' careers have raised them a few rungs on the social ladder, can hardly wait to get someone to be a slave at home—at the lowest possible salary, of course. Such women often make unreasonable demands of servants, and totally lack the "one of the family" attitude that once knitted employer and employee together in mutual respect.

Sense of Worth. Immigration no longer supplies the scores of hopeful girls who got their New World start in domestic service (those same servants may be mothers of Cabinet members and college professors today). But the servant short-



WILLIAM PEREIRA & MAID



"QUICK, CLOSE THE DOOR.
I'VE GOT A MAID."

What did Walter Lippmann say to President Pusey?



FOREIGN MAIDS AT DOMESTIC SERVICE



housewives
off to a show
do it...



travelers
to and fro
do it...



executives
on the go
do it...



vacationers
in the know
do it...

NEW CONCEPTS... in concrete



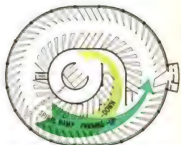
... Alcopark

ALCOPARK begins with an underground service garage . . . spirals into nine floors of parking ramps . . . flares out to an ultra modern heliport. Right in the middle of Oakland, you'll be able to park your car, visit the nearby shopping center and make 'copter connections to a transcontinental jet. This concept has its eye on the sky, but it's also down-to-earth practical: provides service and parking facilities for the public and for county employees . . . includes a gas station . . . even allows for changing car dimensions by eliminating interior columns.

To give this ambitious new concept form and function, the architects and the Board of Supervisors have chosen *concrete*. Here, it ascends in one gentle unbroken motion. And then levels off into a free-standing landing pad. The concrete duplicates the flowing movement of the machines that will use it. But at the same time it's tough as a rock; it's fireproof and it requires little or no care. All of this concrete does . . . more economically than any other building material that was considered.

In its plants in eleven states, Lehigh Portland Cement Company produces cement—the *basic ingredient* of concrete. Cement, basic to everyday things like concrete playgrounds and water pipes, is equally vital to new concepts in building construction. Lehigh Portland Cement Company, Allentown, Pa.

Rendering of Alameda County Parking Garage-Heliport being erected in Oakland, California. Building to be completed in 1963. Architects: Van Bourg/Nakamura AIA and Ratcliff & Ratcliff AIA associated.



Alcopark's entire structure is "wrapped" around a strong concrete core that also serves as a down-ramp. The rest of the building is made up of precast slab and beam units, combined with walls of cast-in-place concrete. Above is a typical floor plan.

LEHIGH CEMENTS

age has turned many employers' eyes back to Europe. Scandinavian, German, English and Irish girls have not yet lost a sense of worth and dignity in domestic service, and they have heard of the high pay in America. Many of them are interested in picking up some English, and even more in picking up a husband—as did Anne-Marie Rasmussen, who came from a small Norwegian fishing village to be a housemaid for Governor Nelson Rockefeller and ended up as his daughter-in-law.

Though the red tape is often cumbersome and the sight-unseen aspect of the transaction frequently chancy, many agencies have been developed just to import domestics from abroad. The largest, Manhattan's Domestic Service, Inc., began importing some 1,200 domestics a year in 1950, but in the last few years has become more selective and cut back to about 700 a year. Though the agency could get all the European girls it wanted, it searched out more experienced domestics who would be more likely to stay beyond the usual one-year contract. The family pays the girl's passage and related expenses (plus a fee to the agency), is paid back over ten months in installments deducted from her salary, but almost always returns the original investment as a bonus at the end of the girl's stay.

Endless Staple. Some families prefer to do their own prospecting in Europe and import a cook or a maid without a written contract. This can lead to some poignant frustrations when the importee discovers what a seller's market domestic service is in the U.S. Cook stealing has long been a popular sport (even the Kennedys have tried it), but it has reached fantastic heights. Anna, a cook who came from Germany to Beverly Hills—where cook stealing is as popular as wife stealing—started at \$250 a month. Within three weeks she had switched to another household at \$400 a month. She changed jobs six times in six months and at her last place was getting \$750 a month for a five-day week, had a color television set of her own and the use of the family Corvair on her days off.

No wonder servants are hard to find—or that the quest for them has all but replaced children as the staple of family talk. In Boston, they are telling about the two maids discussing a high-society dinner party at which one had just served.

"Dean Rusk was there," says the first, "and President Pusey and Walter Lippmann."

"What did they talk about?" asks the second.

"Why, me, of course."

FOOD & DRINK

Tenderness in the Kitchen

Any housewife knows that she can get a tender steak by paying the butcher a small fortune for a fork-soft fillet. She can also buy cheap bottom round and use a chemical to undermine its resistance. Chemically tenderized meats are now standard in restaurants and on many home dinner tables, but few chefs or

housewives realize that the harmless industrial enzymes that make their meat tender—many of them now marketed in powder form for home use—rank with the subtlest tricks of modern chemistry.

Enzymes are nature's chemical tools; every living cell is stuffed with thousands of them, and every part of living organisms was manufactured by them. They act as organic catalysts that speed up chemical changes in cells without taking part in the change themselves. In the case of an enzyme-treated cut of meat, the enzyme simply begins to digest the meat, making it tenderer and saving part of the labor of the enzymes present in everyone's digestive juices. Enzymes, in fact, preside over all organic changes—growth and reproduction, death and decay. Modern industry uses more of them every



EXPERIMENTAL MEAT TENDERIZER
Saving the digestive juices.

year, and there seem to be few limits to what they can do.

Up from the Dogs. Primitive industries used enzymes without even recognizing their existence. Leather was once processed by soaking untanned skins in a solution of dog manure. No one enjoyed using this offensive reagent, and tanners rejoiced when its action was traced to enzymes that could be supplied from pleasanter sources. Fermentation of beer and wine is caused by enzymes secreted by yeast cells, and cheese gets its texture and flavor from other microbial enzymes. But most industrial enzyme users shy away from living ferments, which are hard to control. The modern method is to use comparatively pure enzymes that have been separated from the living organisms that produced them. A leading practitioner of this delicate art is the Wallerstein Co. of Staten Island, N.Y., a division of Baxter Laboratories, which brews enzymes that do everything from removing grease spots to cleaning polluted rivers.

Unlike such mollusc reagents as acids and alkalis, an enzyme system does its job with no fuss and at room temperature. And, says Dr. Edward Beckhorn

Wallerstein's director of research, it does nothing but its job; if other delicate compounds are present, it leaves them strictly alone. Most Wallerstein enzymes are made by specially nourished cultures of bacteria or fungi. Today they treat skins in place of dog manure, keep bottled beer from looking cloudy by digesting the haze of protein that forms when it is chilled. But newer uses are constantly developing. Dr. Beckhorn is working on enzymes to turn cornstarch into syrups specially suited for laking or candy making and on enzymes that can be injected by multiple hypodermic needles into whole sides of beef, the dose carefully calculated to bring each cut of meat to ideal tenderness.

Perfumes & Canapés. Dr. Beckhorn looks at the enzyme future with what amounts to biochemical ecstasy. There is no good reason, he says, why enzymes cannot be found to dispose of any kind of organic offal, from deposits in household cesspools to the industrial discharges that turn rivers into sewers. They can make nutritious and palatable cattle feed out of fish offal or cannery wastes. Some time in the future they will probably move into the great petrochemical business, replacing the clumsy high-temperature processes that are used now. Petroleum is organic, says Beckhorn, and a natural prey for enzymes. It should be fairly simple to find special enzymes to turn petroleum into perfume, plastic or cocktail canapés.

FADS

Suffer the Little Children

Fashions in names change as perceptibly as hemlines or tailfins, and more and more parental energy is being consumed in naming the baby—a process once automatically determined by saints and ancestors. Some current fashions:

► For the boys, revived Celtic names seem to be the thing: Kevin, Sean, Colin, Brian, Keith, Lynn, a variation of the Gaelic word for waterfall, is a favorite for girls.

► Variant spellings are riding high in popularity as a way to give special distinction to familiar—and some not so familiar—names. Anna becomes Annie or Annys, Laurie becomes Lori, Carrie becomes Cari, Billie becomes Billye, Cheryl is also spelled Sheryle, Cherol and Cheryl.

► The tradition of naming sons after fathers seems to be changing; a psychologically hip society has dampened the once-popular nickname "Junior." Parents who insist on carrying on the male name frequently use it as a second name or occasionally switch to II, III or IV as suffixes.

► Moving out of the South, where it has always been popular, the double-barreled name is reaching into every part of the U.S., usually for girls: Jo-Anne, Cynthia-Sue, Linda-Marie, Shirley-Lou, Mary-Lee. ► And, of course, Caroline and Jackie have increased in popularity for babies though the popularity of John Fitzgerald for boys is largely limited to Boston.

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all day
and
your legs
get tired,
what
are you
waiting
for!

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the difference all day long.)



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SHOW BUSINESS

BANDS

The Royal Floridians

"You'll have to play faster here, or I don't think you'll make it," said Ernst.

Ernst was the maître d' at Manhattan's Hotel Roosevelt Grill, and he was talking to 27-year-old Guy Lombardo the night the Royal Canadians opened there. A Chicago critic had called Lombardo's airs "the sweetest music this side of heaven," but still it made Ernst nervous. Lombardo was leaving out the hoop-poop-a and just giving the dew. But Lombardo ignored him and kept tooting it into the room—for 33 years, to become one of the most popular and durable performers in U.S. show business. He has sold more than 100

music. The college kids really saved our necks. They liked our style and the Grill became the favorite place for the whole college set."

Ontario-born Guy Lombardo used to play the violin, but he stopped doing that 28 years ago. Nowadays, he just stands in front of the band, signing autographs, smiling, waving his arm as if to a relative at a distant table. Actually, he does not even need to direct. All in the band, including his brothers Carmen and Lebert, have long since worn their own grooves into the Lombardo repertory.

Celebrated Courage. Tall and glamorous, with a long nose and a massive and handsomely furrowed face, Guy Lombardo still resembles a sort of RCA



GUY LOMBARDO & FANS
The Acropolis—acropolis.

million records, and 6,000,000 people have danced to the live music of his band.

Last week the Hotel Roosevelt announced that Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians will not be appearing there any more. It was like Athens announcing the departure of the Acropolis. Lombardo, now 60, is not retiring; his hand will continue to play all over the U.S. But in the winter season—when he has always been at the Roosevelt—he will be engaged in a new venture in Florida. With the Murchison brothers of Texas and others, he is building a 2,000-acre island-city off St. Petersburg, a dazzling tropical paradise connected by causeway with the mainland. He is also investing in a \$4,000,000 "yacht" called Porto-Of-Call. Its restaurant will seat 1,000 people—but most of them will be up dancing to the music of Guy Lombardo.

Catch 'Em Again. Reminiscing last week about his Roosevelt era, Lombardo produced an eerie lesson in the vagaries of time. Older people at first rejected him. "They were conditioned to one type of music: the businessman's bounce," he said. "There we were playing something radically different, slow stuff without a beat, snuggle-on-your-shoulder kind of

Victor Mature. He is a dignified and straight-forward man, with no more bazazz in his manner than in his music. His courage is celebrated, having been much publicized in the days when he would sit in the cockpit of his high speed boat, the *Tempo VI*, in which he won the Gold Cup, national speedboat racing's highest prize, in 1946. In the 1948 race he was thrown 17 feet, broke his arm.

It also took courage to keep on playing his own type of music imperturbably in the face of changing fads. But the college kids who loved him years ago are now captains of industry—and they like to go dancing wherever Guy Lombardo plays. Their own kids wouldn't go there with gas masks, but that doesn't bother quiet Guy Lombardo. "Nowadays we lose em in the teens—often times sure," he says, "but we catch 'em again later on."

RADIO

The All-Night Psychiatrist

At 4 a.m., a woman calls to announce, "I'm an alcoholic, I've just passed up—see a crisis." The next or the other end of the line tells her to throw a cup of cold water down. You're an 8-year-old in 1952.



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up with a flashlight calls to describe his dog giving birth. Next a woman rings up to say that she has slashed one wrist and intends to slash the other; the man tips off the police, who beat down the door and subdue her. A gang leader calls to announce a rumble with a rival group, and the man arranges to meet both gangs later in the morning to try to settle things peacefully. A former executioner with a bothered conscience calls to discuss capital punishment. All night long the calls pour in—from teen-agers and oldsters, semi-literates and Ph.D.s, unknowns and celebrities, the healthy and the disturbed.

The man at the other end of the phone is no psychiatrist, social worker or minister, but Michael Jackson, a mobile-faced disk jockey for San Francisco radio station KEWB. English-born Jackson hates rock 'n' roll music so much that he has stopped playing it and now talks all night to anyone who calls him, letting his listeners in on both ends of some pretty fascinating conversations. His midnight to 6 a.m. program is heard from San Francisco to the Canadian border and as far west as New Zealand, and it has made such a hit with listeners that KEWB hopes to hook up with a sister station in Los Angeles to give Jackson the entire West for an audience. Comedian Mort Sahl, who has rigged up a special antenna in his backyard in Los Angeles in order to receive Jackson, calls him "the all-night psychiatrist."

Make Love Now. Jackson stays in business because his audience finds the program engrossing and totally unpredictable, but he also does his best to dispense free comfort and wisdom to both callers and listeners. His deep, mature, soothing and mellifluous upper-class English voice sounds like Harold Macmillan giving advice to Laertes. He is Fatherhood itself to women in trouble. He recently talked a 15-year-old pregnant child into waking up her parents and telling them the unfortunate news. "Whatever you do, ignore their first reaction," he advised her on the air. "Your father will be furious, but one day while he's shaving he'll tell his image in the mirror. 'You're going to be a grandfather.' That's the day to wait for." The girl did as she was told, and everything worked out as Jackson said it would.

Another girl once whispered over the phone that she feverishly wished to gratify the pleas of the fellow she hoped to marry, who happened to be with her at the moment. "In the dance of the seven veils, they never drop the seventh," Jackson told her, "but people hope they will and come back." A woman once called to say that her husband ignored her so totally that he would not even look at her over the breakfast table. "What do you feed him for breakfast," asked Jackson. "Scrambled eggs," said the woman. "Throw them at him," advised Jackson—and she did. Said the husband later: "It's the first bit of real action I've had out of this dame in three years."

Blocked Nasal Passage. Though people's problems are one of the show's biggest fascinations (it is not all morbid curi-



SAN FRANCISCO'S MICHAEL JACKSON
Russian roulette on the air.

osity; many people who have had the same problems phone in their advice). Jackson's program is by no means just amateur psychotherapy. People call up to talk about the aurora borealis, safaris, gambling, semantics, socialized medicine, cooking, baseball, electric toothbrushes. Jackson has a retentive memory and broad range of knowledge and boldly discusses every subject. Most of his listeners think they are talking to a silver-templed 66-year-old Solomon.

Jackson will be 66 on April 16th, 2000. Now 28, he was born in London and came to the U.S. in 1958. He drifted into a disk jockey job in San Francisco, got fired because rock 'n' roll nauseated him. KEWB hired him, told him to play rock 'n' roll and say what he thought of it. On his first show, he introduced a Frankie Avalon record by saying: "Frankie's left nasal passage is unfortunately blocked. Programs like this will turn the nation into a breed of square-eyed troglodytes." When listeners called to complain, the station put their calls on the air and Jackson began gently debating with them. Soon conversation had crowded the music off the air completely.

Answers for All. On eight telephone lines, Jackson takes 70 to 80 calls nightly, and the busy signals average 17,000 nightly. The police listen to his program faithfully, though he encourages them to trace calls only in attempted suicide cases. Celebrities call frequently; so do experts with answers to the telephoned questions. Doctors, veterinarians, ministers and other regulars who call with advice are given an unpublishable number.

Jackson coolly handles the cranks and crackpots who occasionally call ("It's like playing Russian roulette on the air," he says), but he depends on mechanical help to solve another problem. By a tape device, his conversations are delayed four seconds. Beside him he has a panic button that he can trip to keep improper language off the air. Hell and damn are O.K., but he presses the button on anything beyond that. Every month, hundreds of four-letter words die like rats on the tape.

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Resurgent Syphilis: It Can Be Eradicated

Only five years after syphilis had apparently been conquered in the U.S. and was rapidly declining elsewhere, "the great pox" is making an unexpected comeback. For the past two weeks agitated experts attending the World Forum on Syphilis and the International Congress of Dermatology in Washington have heard shocking estimates of the ravages of revitalized syphilis.

► Of 106 nations reporting to the World Health Organization, no fewer than 76 have a rising incidence of syphilis.

► In the U.S., the number of cases is still increasing. In the fiscal year that ended June 30, more than 4,000 babies were born with syphilis and at least 4,000 Americans died of it. There were also 124,188 cases reported for the first time. But only 20,084 of these were truly new (in the infectious primary or secondary stages of the disease), and these probably represented only half of the actual total. Almost 20,000 cases had gone unreported (and therefore, usually, untreated) for up to four years, and 80,000 for an even longer period of time.

► A staggering 9,000,000 Americans are estimated to have syphilis, or to have had it at some time in their lives; probably 1,200,000 are now suffering from untreated syphilis.

Fall Germ. What makes these woeful numbers so astonishing is that syphilis is completely preventable, and in its earlier stages is completely curable with inexpensive penicillin. More remarkable, as Dr. William J. Meade of the U.S. Government's Communicable Disease Center pointed out, the spirochete of syphilis is "about as frail as a germ can be and still survive." So delicate that it can be cultivated only with difficulty in laboratory animals and hardly ever in the test tube, it flourishes nowhere but in the body of man.

Even there, the spirochete can stand so little heat that artificial fever was once a treatment for syphilis. The germ gets no free ride on food, air, water, or from insects. It can attack a new victim only through the most intimate contact, and then only during a relatively brief time. Yet during 450 years, syphilis has slaughtered and maimed millions, blinded and deafened them or driven them mad, crippled babies in the womb, and ruined the lives of millions of dependents who had no direct contact with it.

Dr. Brown hammered away at the 20,000 known new cases and 4,000 deaths annually in the U.S. If there had been only one-fourth as many cases of disease and death due to smallpox, typhus, plague or malaria, he said, there would have been virtual panic: "All the medical and public health resources of the nation would have been mustered." Why had syphilis been allowed to make such a comeback after the near knockout of the 1950s? Dr. Brown answered his own question:

"As a program for the control of a disease approaches the end point, meaning eradication, it is not the disease but the program that is the more likely to be eradicated." Federal as well as state and municipal funds for venereal disease were reduced in the '50s when syphilis appeared to be beaten.

The resurgence of syphilis is partly due to a remnant of the traditional hush-hush attitude toward venereal diseases. Only



ANTI-VD POSTER (1943)
Back from a near knockout.

5% to 10% of today's youngsters learn anything about VD from their parents, and many learn little more in school. Teen-agers, either ignorant or overconfident, account for much of syphilis' increase. The historic spread through female prostitution has been largely replaced by spread through careless "good-time girls" and male homosexuals—especially male prostitutes.

Some doctors, said Dr. Harry Pariser of Norfolk, Va., are too much influenced by "a clean-cut appearance and an air of prosperity or social prominence" in a patient, and thus fail to order a blood test. More than a quarter-century after premarital blood-testing was adopted in Connecticut, said Manhattan Psychologist Hugo G. Beigel, "there are still several states where candidates from all over the country can be married without this precaution." In three chivalrous states, only the bridegroom has to have the test.

Rapid Check. The symptoms of syphilis are so varied, said Dr. Pariser, that a physician may confuse syphilis with acne, chicken pox, measles, mononucleosis or cancer. He estimated that from 40% to 60% of syphilis victims pass through the primary and secondary stages without knowing what has hit them. Then the spirochete goes underground, to erupt at intervals over the years in new active phases. Finally, in about half of the un-

treated cases, it attacks the heart and aorta, the brain and spinal cord. If the victim does not die of heart disease, he may end his days as a lame, blind, insane, partially paralyzed patient in a mental hospital.

The famed Wassermann test for syphilis and others like it take about two hours or more, and all require more laboratory equipment than can be toted into a backwoods area. At the Washington meetings, the U.S. Public Health Service's Dr. Joseph Portnoy described a new and simplified test which its developers claim is truly portable and fast. Called the RPR (for Rapid Plasma Reagin) card test, it requires only three drops of blood, obtained by pricking the subject's finger. The blood does not have to be centrifuged or heated. After the red cells settle out, the plasma is transferred to a dimpled card, reagents are added, and the result of the test can be read with the naked eye instead of a microscope. The process takes only five to eight minutes.

Here to Stay. Even with sensitive diagnostic tests and penicillin for treatment, a massive campaign must still be waged to wipe out the disease. Doctors will be urged to report all cases of syphilis to health authorities, who will interview the patients and track down their contacts. (This has worked well in areas where health officials have made it clear that the information will never reach the police.) Laboratories, it is proposed, should be compelled to report all positive reactions. Once bitten by overoptimism, the VD crusaders are now doubly shy of any letdown. There must be no cutback in funds, they insist, until the great pox is really conquered. Dr. Brown warned that as cases become fewer, finding them will become harder—and perhaps more costly. Said Psychologist Beigel: sex is here to stay, but syphilis need not be.

Convulsion by Television

At least 1,800 years before television caused its first headaches, bargain hunters in the slave markets of Rome submitted prospective purchases to a trial as nerve-racking as watching a badly adjusted picture tube. Before a slave was bought and paid for, he was forced to stare at a potter's wheel rotating rapidly in bright sunlight. If the flicker caused the slave to keel over, the deal was off. Seizures before the spinning potter's wheel were taken as a sign of "the falling sickness," the Roman name for epilepsy.

Though the slave markets are long gone, flicker epilepsy has returned—a byproduct of modern electronics. The jittering of an out-of-kilter picture tube can cause severe epileptic seizures. In the past two years, two British doctors have seen 14 children with epileptic seizures induced by television flicker. The condition, they think, is more common than most physicians realize. Most striking is the fact that nine of the 14 patients had convulsions only while watching TV; only five of them were known to be susceptible because they had had similar attacks in other circumstances.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Ingmar Bergman, 44, Sweden's master of metaphysical cinema, and his fourth wife, Käbi Laretei, 40, an Estonian-born pianist: their first child (his sixth), a son; in Stockholm.

Married. Janet Leigh, 35, grade A profile in Hollywood grade B pictures; and Robert Lee Brandt, 35, stockbroking Beverly Hills squire; she for the fourth time, he for the third; in Las Vegas' Sands Hotel the day after she obtained a quickie Mexican divorce from Actor Tony Curtis.

Died. Dr. Robert Soblen, 61, Lithuanian-born psychiatrist and Soviet master spy convicted of 20 years of espionage in the U.S.; five days after he gulped down barbiturates in a last desperate gamble to avoid returning to the U.S. and life imprisonment; in London's Hillingdon Hospital.

Died. Edmund Duffy, 63, sharp-witted editorial cartoonist, mostly for the Baltimore Sun (1924-48) and the Saturday Evening Post (1949-57), whose portfolio of some 8,000 drawings included three that won him Pulitzer prizes (1931, '34, '40); after a long illness; in Manhattan. Duffy insisted that the "best cartoons are against something," caricatured the Ku Klux Klan, Hitler and Communism with such blunt and angry lines that one critic wrote, "If the pen is mightier than the sword, then Duffy's grease pencil is more effective than a well-aimed brick."

Died. William Warwick Corcoran, 78, an adventurous Washington, D.C. socialite who squandered his inheritance by the age of 30, joined the French Foreign Legion in 1916 and the U.S. Foreign Service in 1920, where later, as a wartime consul in neutral Sweden, he earned the U.S.'s highest civilian honor, the Medal of Freedom, for personal espionage that pinpointed Nazi Germany's V-2 rocket bases at Peenemünde; of a heart attack; in San Diego's U.S. Naval Hospital.

Died. Pat Rooney II, 82, vaudeville's ageless song and dance man who bucked and winged from the gaslight era's Tony Pastor's to his last Broadway performance in *Gypsy* and *Dolls*; of a stroke; in Manhattan. Enchanted as a child by the hurdy-gurdies of Manhattan's Lower East Side, the leprechaun-sized (5 ft. 3 in.) hooper endeared himself to three generations with his delivery of *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*, his tapping brogans keeping the beat for his gentle Irish brogue.

Died. Rollin Henry White, 90, pioneer Ohio automaker who in 1899 developed a flash boiler that propelled White Steamers down the highway just two years after the famed Stanleys, in 1906 helped found White Motor Co., the U.S.'s largest independent truck manufacturer; in Hohe Sound, Fla.

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In almost 2,000 Sears outlets the use of Recordak Lodestar Readers and microfilm in magazines cuts look-up time for parts catalog pages from 3 minutes to 20 seconds.

Sears 20-second picture

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hinder from the fifty or so stacked on the shelves . . . thumbed through it . . . there, in about three minutes, was the page with the parts data.

How could you improve on that? Sears management, looking ahead, felt it had to. Its appliance sales

were booming—some 3,000 models requiring parts listings were being introduced each year. More and more shelf space was needed in each store. And, with stepped-up reference, pages had to be replaced at a faster rate. Re-runs of out-of-print parts lists were costly.

Sears thought a unique microfilm library and film reader might be the answer.



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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Where Are the Tinkers?

Historically, the U.S. has been the most inventive of modern nations. Telephone and television, the cotton gin and the airplane. Thomas Edison's magic lamp and Henry Ford's indestructible Model T—these are but a few of the wondrous works of Yankee tinkers. Such inventions have enriched society and stimulated the economy by spurring consumer demand, putting men to work and raising purchasing power, which in turn spurs demand afresh. But today some businessmen have a new worry: not since television has the U.S. developed any major new product so dramatic that almost all American families feel compelled to buy it.

Instead of innovation in the arena of consumer products, there is modification and trimming up of products that were developed well before World War II, such as TV and plastics, processed foods and synthetic textiles. But people can easily postpone their purchases of older products that are merely improved. Were there more genuinely new products on the market—for example, an economical family hovercraft or truly wrinkle-free and spot-resistant clothes—the public might well start spending more for goods and less for services and thus rev up the whole economy.

Shooting for the Moon. At a time when the orbiting Telstar has created international television and Tiros satellites are predicting the weather, U.S. scientists justifiably scoff at charges that they lack inventiveness. But the consumer has little

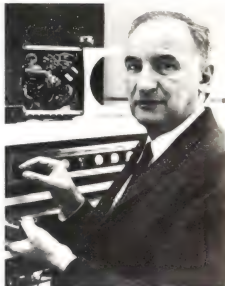
everyday use for a rocket or a reactor, and many economists fear that so much ingenuity is being spent on space and defense that the consumer sector is short-changed. More than 70% of the \$16 billion which the U.S. invests each year in research and development goes for Government work, with the result that the share of the gross national product spent on civilian research is smaller in the U.S. than in Britain, Germany or Japan.

Conceding the necessity of spending for sheer survival corporate executives nonetheless complain that the brightest young scientists are flocking into Government-guided work instead of into what Zenith Radio President J. S. Wright calls "the mundane world of household goods." Not only are the glamorous frontier technologies more challenging to inventors, but they are also more rewarding because of generous Government cost-plus contracts. Says University of Chicago Economist Yale Brozen: "This may represent an un-economic use of resources because defense potential is more than a matter of having the most advanced weapons. It also depends on the productivity of the economy."

Collectivizing the Research. With conspicuous exceptions, such as jet planes and modern computers, defense research has yielded relatively little "fallout" of new civilian products. As a result of their work for NASA over the past three years thousands of civilian contractors have received only 23 patents; NASA likes to claim that Pyroceram cooking pots and dishes are a result of research into nose cones, but the manufacturer, Corning Glass Works, denies it. Moreover, "fallout" seems to be shrinking as defense gear becomes increasingly esoteric. "Complexity breeds specialization—you find out everything there is to know about a progressively smaller area—and that is almost the opposite of invention," says Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Vice President Simon ("Si") Ramo, who bossed the original Atlas ICBM program.

Despite the discouraging results so far many scientists argue that military-space research will ultimately produce an overflowing cornucopia of marketable consumer products, from super-sonic planes to small nuclear reactors for home power. The question is: When? "There is an adequate base of pure research, but it has just not been applied," says Economist J. J. McSweeney. Sperry's director of long-range planning. Scientists point out that it often takes decades for research to translate itself into standard-of-living goods and right now there is a lull. The man who led the development of the U.S. spy plane, Lockheed Vice President Kelly Johnson, says: "We are not lacking in the capability to invent. Where we have trouble is in the incentive to invent."

Raising the Rewards. With much fanfare, corporations have been tinkering for years with breakthrough inventions that



SCIENTIST RAMO

More knowledgeable but less fallacious.

disappointingly, have yet to appear on the market: ultrasonic washers that would clean without water, thermoelectric devices that would use power to produce heat and cold with no moving parts, portable radio telephones. Any of these would help to generate a new wave of consumer buying and melt unemployment.

Worried about the sluggishness in inventiveness, the New Frontier has set up a high-powered Panel on Civilian Technology. Its chief, Management Consultant Michael Michaelis, 43, argues that the railroads could enjoy a renaissance by finding ways to speed rocket-powered passenger trains between cities through tunnels, and that the coal industry could recapture many of the markets it has lost to oil by developing methods to liquefy coal for use in planes or cars. But, he asks, "who wants to be researching the uses of coal when he could be working on getting a man to the moon?"

Recognizing that stiff Government laws may be stifling inventiveness, the Michaelis group is debating whether it would be wise to loosen antitrust rules to permit companies to join in research. It is also investigating possible liberalization of tax laws to give higher rewards to inventors. Another way to boost the rewards would be to revamp the nation's confused patent policies; businessmen complain that NASA and the Atomic Energy Commission automatically get patent rights on any inventions that they help to bankroll, then undercut the developing companies by opening the secrets to other manufacturers. Increasing the economic rewards would give a real lift to U.S. inventiveness, contends Si Ramo. Says he: "It's a matter of getting the risks and incentives into balance."



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CORPORATIONS

Purposeful Hodgepodge

At first glance it seems a monument to absent-mindedness—a potpourri of unrelated products from bread-bagging machines to rocket launchers, all stuffed improbably under the wing of one of the nation's most anonymous corporate giants, But FMC Corp. of San Jose, Calif., is no happenstance hodgepodge. It is a carefully laid industrial mosaic that since 1950 has run up an enviable record of twelve consecutive yearly increases in both sales and profits. Last year sales of FMC's 14 divisions soared to \$415 million; in the first half of this year they climbed another 32%. The investor who owned FMC stock worth \$4 a share in 1952 would find it worth \$644 today.

Some Can't Keep Up. The enviable fortunes of FMC have been shaped almost singlehandedly by one man: leathery, indefatigable Chairman Paul Lewis Davies, 63, who keeps the company and its officers moving at such a frenetic pace that one Davies aide resigned after two years to take a less prestigious job, complaining wearily, "I didn't think I could stand it another minute."

Paul Davies was only 28, but already vice president of a San Francisco bank when he signed on in 1928 as financial boss of his father-in-law's John Bean Manufacturing Co., a small producer of agricultural spray pumps and prune-drying equipment. Almost immediately, he launched the company—which in 1929 was rechristened Food Machinery Corp.²—on a course of pell-mell expansion, which he is fond of calling "aggressive diversification." One after another, Davies added new lines of farm machinery, food processing and packaging equipment and agricultural chemicals. In 1928 branching out still farther, he acquired New York's Westvaco Chemical Corp., which with other acquisitions has since grown into an industrial chemicals business that last year accounted for \$126 million of FMC's sales.

Each new venture seemed to have an

uncanny way of opening the door to yet another. The high transportation costs of the coking coal needed by FMC's Idaho phosphorus furnaces, for example, led to joint experiments with U.S. Steel Corp. to produce coke from low-grade local coal. The ersatz coke has been proven in FMC's phosphorus furnaces, and is now being tested in steel blast furnaces. If successful there, says Davies, it could mean a revolution in the world steel industry. Similarly, an ingenious FMC device to detect blood spots on eggs during automatic packaging led to a \$4,000,000 Government contract to develop an automated post office, where letters would be scanned and sorted by machine. Eying the potential profits, Davies moves happily. "There are 10,000 post offices to be automated."

With equal success Davies has admonished his machinery and military divisions to stick to specialties where the volume is not large enough to attract competition from the giants in the field, or where profit margins are good. Thus FMC has steered clear of big farm equipment such as heavy tractors, instead makes such items as potato harvesters. While the major defense firms chased glamorous missile contracts, FMC went after, and got contracts for ground support equipment.

Still on the Trail. Since FMC must now cope with a bewildering array of over 5,000 products manufactured in 69 plants in the U.S. and abroad, autonomy for divisions has become an article of faith with Davies. "Our division heads are practically the heads of their own businesses," he says. "If you give them authority, they grow." In keeping with his philosophy, Davies is transferring more of his own authority to FMC President James M. Hait, 56, a laconic mechanical engineer who was one of the prime assets FMC acquired along with the Peerless Pump Co. in 1935. Designer of World War II's famed Water Buffalo amphibious tracked vehicle and the moving spirit behind FMC's military business, Jim Hait is gradually taking control of the chemical divisions as well.

But it seems highly likely that Davies who pointedly declines to commit himself to retirement at 65, will continue to dominate FMC for a long time to come. Beaten out by New York's Stauffer Chemical

Co. in a recent attempt to acquire American Viscose Corp., Davies is already hot on the trail of a drug manufacturer to add to FMC's chemical business. "Barring acquisitions," predicts Davies, "we should continue to grow at 10% to 15% a year." Outsiders' estimates tend to run much higher, for Davies has never been a man to bar acquisitions.

ANTITRUST

Pounding Brass

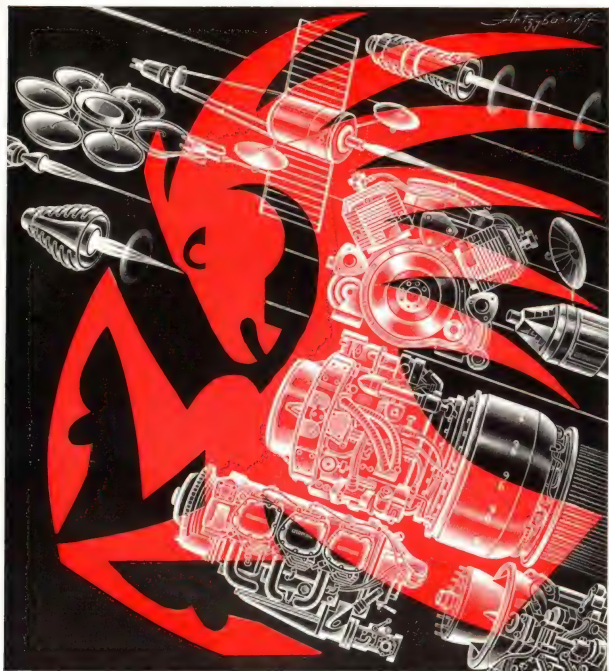
Attorney General Robert Kennedy's Department of Justice last week moved against the U.S. brass industry. In Hartford, Conn., a federal grand jury handed down indictments against eleven major brass producers and seven of their officers for conspiring to fix prices on pipe and tubing sold to the Tennessee Valley Authority and municipal governments.

The list of defendants read like a *Who's Who* of the industry. Named in the indictment were Anaconda American Brass, Phelps Dodge Copper Products, Chase Brass & Copper, Reverse Copper & Brass, the Cerro Corp., Bridgeport Brass, the Scovill Manufacturing Co., Calumet & Hecla, Mueller Brass, Triangle Conduit & Cable and the Progress Manufacturing Co. Together, these companies sell each year about \$660 million worth of brass mill tube and pipe—roughly 90% of total U.S. output.

Between 1956 and 1961, the Justice Department charged, representatives of these companies, including the seven individuals* also named in the indictment, agreed upon identical price schedules twice a year during conventions of the Copper & Brass Research Association and also at a series of ten private meetings at the New York Athletic Club. All the defendants immediately denied the charges. If the jury that hears their case disagrees, the companies will be liable to fines of up to \$50,000; the individual defendants could draw up to a year in prison.

* Anaconda Vice President Justice Luckwood, Phelps Dodge Copper President Edgar P. Dunlavy, Cerro Vice President Richard H. Lewin, Scovill Sales Manager Maurice Liston, Mueller Vice President Alfred C. Dappert, Bridgeport Brass Vice President Richard L. Allen, and John M. Dummer, assistant to the president of Bridgeport Brass.

² Shortened to FMC Corp. last year after Davies decided that the food machinery label no longer covered enough of the company's business.



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AUTOS

The Thundering Herd

Ever since Ford introduced its highly successful four-seater Thunderbird in 1958, Detroit has been speculating on when General Motors would bring out a competitor. Buick ended the speculation last week when it unveiled its big-fendered Riviera hardtop, which is firmly dedicated to the G.M. principle that if you have to join 'em, beat 'em. The Riviera is 3 in. longer than the Thunderbird, sports a more powerful engine, and has a steering wheel that tilts to seven different vertical adjustments, while Thunderbird's wheel only bends to the side to ease entry and exit. The Riviera will sell in the Thunderbird \$4,700-\$5,500 price range.

G.M.'s selection of Buick to build a competitor for the entrenched T-bird was



MERCURY MONTEREY

1963. It has also left most of its other cars unchanged except for minor mechanical and styling alterations; the new Mercury Monterey has a reverse-slanting rear window to differentiate its profile from the Ford Galaxie.

Most interesting new Ford was introduced not in the U.S. but in West Germany. It is the Taunus 12M, a German version of the mysterious Cardinal which Ford has been developing for two years in strictest secrecy, and once intended to begin making in the U.S. this year. (The plans were canceled last April after Ford decided that the U.S. small-car market was contracting.) The Taunus is 7 in. longer and considerably more commodious than the Volkswagen. It has front-wheel drive and a 50-h.p. V-4 engine that speeds the car to 78 m.p.h. Its price in Germany is \$1,332 v. the Volkswagen's \$1,246. Ford,



FORD TAUNUS 12M

Most came running, but one resisted.

nonskeds a major share of the job of hauling military personnel within the continental U.S.

A Second Look. The Richmond crash changed the political climate, and when they really began to look, investigators from the Federal Aviation Agency and the Civil Aeronautics Board found disturbing violations among many of the nonskeds: some mechanics were writing maintenance reports to show repairs and checkups that were never done; pilots were flying more than the legal eight hours at a stretch; flight crew training standards were minimal. In addition, nonsked business practices were sometimes downright dubious. President Airlines, which operated a DC-6B that crashed last year off Shannon, killing 83 passengers, got into the business by buying the air carrier certificate of a dormant nonsked.



BUICK RIVIERA

a vote of confidence in Buick Boss Edward Rollert, 50, who took over the division in 1959 when its sales had slumped to only 245,000 cars and its share of the U.S. auto market to 4.9%. By improving Buick's mechanical performance—it is now widely considered the best-engineered car out of Detroit—Rollert has boosted its share of the market to 5.8%, expects to sell 400,000 cars this year. His hope is that the Riviera will send Buick sales even higher next year by biting into the high-priced neo-sports-car field.

High-Prized Sport. Buick's boss is not the only one with such hopes. For 1963 Oldsmobile has decked out its top model, the Starfire, with a sculptured T-bird-type roof to give it a sporty look. Pontiac's Grand Prix has undergone the same treatment. Not to be left out, Chrysler is readying its new 300j, a revived-up version of the Chrysler New Yorker.

No one is betting more heavily on snatching a part of the high-priced neo-sports market away from the Thunderbird than Studebaker President Sherwood Harry Egbert. If his speedy new Avanti (TIME, April 13) sells well, he intends to transfer some of its sleek Italianate lines to other Studebaker models next year. But for 1963 Studebaker's Larks and Hawks have undergone only minor feather trimming. The only really new model is a Lark station wagon, the Wagonaire, which has a sliding metal roof that telescopes forward to expose the rear seats.

The Cardinal Unveiled. Ford, which started all this, has left its pacesetter Thunderbird outwardly unchanged for

so far, does not plan to sell the Taunus in the U.S.

The Loner. Only one U.S. automaker is bucking the '63 trend toward sporty prestige cars—American Motors. But being different is how American Motors makes its money. However, its '63 Classic and Ambassador models have shed their maiden-aunt look for more flowing and graceful "Detroit" lines. But A.M.C. scorns the idea that the tide is running in favor of bigger, splashier autos. Says A.M.C. President Roy Abernethy: "We are convinced that the consumer is continuing to move toward the compact car and will continue to do so until compacts represent at least 50% of the total market."

AVIATION

Off the Schedule

When an Imperial Airlines Constellation crashed near Richmond, Va., last November killing 74 Army recruits (TIME, Nov. 17), the resulting clamor touched off a long overdue investigation of the nation's nonscheduled airlines, which last year flew 1.5 billion passenger miles v. 39.8 billion for the scheduled lines. Burgeoning after World War II as ex-military pilots bought dirt-cheap surplus cargo planes, the nonskeds grew like weeds and were treated with an air of benevolent indulgence by the federal regulatory agencies. Politicians championed the fare-cutting nonskeds as the little guys who were fighting the big guys, e.g., the scheduled airlines; in 1958 Congress passed a bill which, in effect, gave the

Statistically, it turned out to be more than 30 times as dangerous to fly on a nonsked as on a scheduled airline; in 1961 there were nine fatalities per 100 million passenger miles on nonskeds v. .29 fatalities on scheduled lines.

In an attempt to bring the nonskeds under tighter federal supervision, Congress two months ago passed a new bill requiring all nonskeds to re-apply for certification to the CAB, to carry liability insurance and to maintain a healthier financial status. Meanwhile, nonskeds have been dying right and left. Of the 31 nonskeds flying at the time of the Richmond crash, five lines, including President, simply did not re-apply for certification; four others, including Imperial, were grounded for flunking FAA safety tests. The remaining lines last week began appearing before the CAB to plead for re-certification.

A Matter of Economics. To the astonishment of many aviation experts, the CAB chose to pass over past safety and maintenance violations to concentrate on economic questions. The theory, as outlined by one CABman, sounded like a textbook social worker's solution to juvenile delinquency: the nonskeds' financial hardships have spawned slipshod maintenance practices. So the CAB was looking for signs of financial health and was content to take FAA's word that the applicants satisfied safety requirements. But such assurances from the FAA are hardly reassuring; it had said before their disastrous crashes that Imperial and President were safe.

The fable of Aesop's fables

We don't really know that Aesop wrote the delightful fables credited to him. Such classics as "The Tortoise and the Hare" and "The Fox and the Grapes" may have been created by storytellers whose names are forever lost. But if printing had existed in Ancient Greece—when allegorical stories were the rage of Athens—we could be as certain of the authorship of these fables as we are of their charm.

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TIME, SEPTEMBER 21, 1962

WORLD BUSINESS

CANADA

Vote of Confidence

For the first time in twelve years, the government of Canada last week went to the U.S. to float a bond issue. To help fatten Canada's foreign exchange reserves, five giant U.S. life insurance companies, led by Prudential, agreed to buy \$250 million worth of 25-year, 5% Canadian government bonds. Avowed purpose of the loan was to make it possible for the Canadian government to cancel part of a still unused \$400 million credit with the U.S. Export-Import Bank. Its real purpose: to give the world a massive demonstration of investor confidence in the Canadian economy.

The need for a public vote of confidence was undeniable. Barely 2½ months ago, the Canadian dollar was sagging under speculative attack, foreign capital was fleeing, and the nation's gold and foreign exchange reserves had plummeted to \$1.1 billion, a drop of nearly 50% in less than six months. With disaster looming, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker (who had just fought an election campaign on the stand that the Canadian economy was in great shape) found himself obliged to borrow \$650 million from the International Monetary Fund. Britain and the U.S. To prevent the borrowed money from being consumed by Canada's massive balance of payment deficits, the Diefenbaker government also slapped on a series of stringent austerity measures that included upping the central bank rate to a tight money 6% and raising tariffs on 50% of Canada's imports by means of "temporary surcharges" that range from 5% to 15%.

Perking Up. With the help of this bitter medicine, the patient is clearly perking up. With production running 20% ahead of last year, Canada's automakers expect this year will be second only to 1956, when 468,000 cars were built. Steel production is on the rise, and unemployment, which has dogged Canada even harder than the U.S., dropped in August from 6.4% of the work force to 5.0%. Watching the Canadian dollar firm up, private investment from abroad had begun a gingerly return, with the result that the nation's gold and foreign exchange reserves were up to \$1.68 billion, not counting the crisis loans. With cautious optimism, the Bank of Canada fortnight ago lowered its interest rate to 5½%. Exulted Economist Scott Gordon of Ottawa's Carleton University: "Our back is no longer against the wall."

But for all its reassuring internal prosperity, Canada has yet to solve its basic problem: the fact that for years it has bought more abroad than it has sold and has made up the difference only by

attracting foreign investment. For the first half of this year, Canada's imports ran a whopping \$126,300,000 more than its exports. Presumably, the tariff surcharges would improve the record in the second half of the year by discouraging imports. But the surcharges offer no permanent answer; already exporters around

corporate and high-bracket personal income taxes to stimulate increased domestic investment.

Such proposals would inevitably draw fire from many Canadian voters. But at the moment of its greatest political weakness—it no longer has a majority in Parliament—the Diefenbaker government at last seemed inclined to face up to economic realities and hang the political expense.

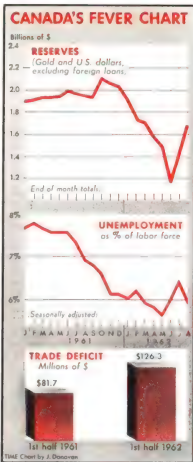
MEXICO

How Much Profit?

Most of the time, Mexico's government is content to keep its economy growing faster than the population explosion by a judicious balance of public and private investment. But every now and then the government feels the need to recall its revolutionary beginnings with a move calculated to prove that its heart is still with the laboring masses. One such action was initiated early this year: an amendment to the Mexican constitution that would legally oblige companies to share profits with their employees. With President Adolfo López Mateos pushing hard, the measure sailed through Congress, was then passed out to the country for approval by a majority of Mexico's 29 states. Last week it was back for final congressional action and a presidential signature—and businessmen, both Mexican and foreign, were plainly worried.

Not that they refuse to share the wealth. Profit sharing, supervised by the states, has been part of the Mexican constitution ever since 1917. Moreover, the annual *aguinaldo*—a bonus of two months' pay at Christmastime—is almost a national tradition. What bothers businessmen about the new provision is the unspecific terms in which it is couched. Before it was introduced, and as it made its rounds, scant effort was made to explain to private interests what the measure would mean in practice.

Potentially, it could bring big trouble. As passed, it establishes a three-legged "national committee" with the job of ruling on how much of a company's profits the stockholders should keep and how much should go to the workers. The committee would be composed of government, management and labor representatives, each with equal representation. But there lies the trouble. Because they regard all labor unions as, in effect, arms of the Mexican government, many businessmen feel that management would be outnumbered 2 to 1. Unwilling to run the risk of antagonizing the Mexican government under such circumstances, local businessmen said nothing publicly. Privately, most agreed with a U.S. industrialist who said that "how dangerous it is depends on how it is managed." At the very least, he added, the new amendment would make foreign companies think twice before investing in Mexico: "If you don't know



the world are complaining loudly over lost Canadian sales, and other nations cannot be expected to tolerate the surcharges indefinitely without retaliating with increased tariffs on Canadian goods.

Facing Up. Part of the long-term answer, obviously, is for Canada to increase its exports. In a campaign to do so, the Diefenbaker government plans to spend \$500,000 and fly 700 foreign buyers into Canada to give them a firsthand look at Canadian goods. More important, the word is out in Ottawa that the government is preparing some draconian measures for the opening of Parliament later this month. Among those most strongly rumored is the possible elimination of the 15% extra tax on dividends paid to foreign investors. In addition, the government is considering a reduction in

© The others: Metropolitan, Equitable, New York Life, and John Hancock.



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CHATEAU LATOUR WINE HARVEST

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how much profits are going to be, you're going to hesitate."

Well aware that new foreign investment dropped from \$14 million in 1959 to around \$5,000,000 last year, Mexico's government hastened to reassure businessmen that while it still intended to take care of the little man, it had no intention of hurting industry. "You will see," said a Mateos aide, "Everything will clear up when the businessmen see that, in practice, nobody is going to get hurt."

BRITAIN

Harvey's Bristol Claret

Bordeaux wine sellers, the middlemen between France's greatest vineyards and the world, acted last week as though they had just sipped sour Médoc. "We are furious," snapped one. What they were furious about was the prospect of losing their profitable business with Château Latour, one of four venerable vineyards that produce the only chateau-bottled Médoc wines rated as *premier grand cru*. In highly secret negotiations, France's Braumont family, which has owned the vineyard since 1670, is wrapping up the final details of a deal that would give co-ownership of Château Latour and its annual output of precious claret to Britain's Harvey's of Bristol Ltd. And as a world-circling distributor of wine and spirits, Harvey's has no intention of sharing its cup with the middlemen of Bordeaux.

Whisky & Willoway Women. Subject to approval by the Bank of England and the French Ministry of Finance—which so far have declined any public comment on the sale—the 166-year-old British firm plans to put approximately \$5,000,000 into Château Latour precisely in order to bypass middlemen. Under the driving leadership of George E. McWatters, 40, a fourth-generation descendant of the first



McWATTERS

John Harvey, Harvey's since World War II has been buttoning up its sources of supply. The company has taken over two prime producers of Portuguese port, has a working agreement with the Spanish sherry house of Zola Ruiz Mateos. Last year McWatters took Harvey's into the whisky business by buying out Stewart and Son, a Scotch blender only 35 years younger than Harvey's itself. This spring he heard that control of the 110-acre Latour vineyard on the Gironde might be ready to pick. Active Tory McWatters arranged financing through London's arch-Tory Whitehall Securities Corporation and through Lazard Frères and after a series of quiet trips to France set up his deal under the nose of Baron Elie de Rothschild, who owns the neighboring Château Lafite, and also covets Château Latour.

Such free-swinging expansion has been the rule at Harvey's since burly George McWatters became chairman in 1936. The ancient Harvey cellars at Bristol, destroyed by Nazi bombers, have been replaced by an above-ground warehouse where untraditional but highly efficient machinery fills plugs and crates bottles. Though British vintners long considered advertising unseemly, McWatters spends lavishly on full-color ads in which his wines are surrounded with willoway women. To increase sales, he has opened wine-shops in British department stores, bought up 60 small liquor shops, and opened a restaurant in Bristol with a wine card listing 1,050 choices. Harvey's of Bristol has even gone public, four years ago sold 500,000 shares to eager buyers who oversubscribed the issue by 50%.

Back to Burgundy. McWatters bases his business strategy on the hard fact that the day is past when wine merchants could live on the custom of a wealthy handful who regarded a cellar as incomplete if it did not include a pipe (120 gallons) of carefully chosen port. Now wine buyers are mostly a modest lot who purchase a few bottles at a time. But there are more of them, Harvey's today

exports to 130 countries. Its Bristol Cream, Milk and Dry have one-third of the growing sherry market in the U.S. (where most people assume that Harvey's sells nothing else).

All told, McWatters has boosted Harvey's sales 117% in three years, last year increased its pre-tax profit to \$2,500,000. And he has only started. In a move that really will infuriate the Bordeaux wine sellers, Harvey's is planning to move heavily into the European market, ship many of its clarets, Burgundies, hocks, Moselles and champagne right back to the countries that originally produced them.

FRANCE

All Gail

While it has done much for the economy of France as a whole, the Common Market has been no boon to the French subsidiaries of General Motors and Remington Rand. Hard hit by massive French imports of low-priced Italian refrigerators, G.M.'s Frigidaire plant in France early this month laid off 68% of its 1,100 workers. Last week Remington, which has steadily lost ground in the French market to West German typewriter makers, announced that it planned to dismiss 300 French employees and move all its European portable-typewriter production to a new plant in The Netherlands.

None of this was likely to cause much hardship. There is a severe labor shortage in most of France just now, and both G.M. and Remington had already lined up new jobs for 80% of the men they were laying off. Nonetheless, news of the firings provoked a storm of resentment; at the G.M. Frigidaire plant, Catholic and Communist unions joined in a protest demonstration. More ominous yet, French Minister of Industry Michel Maurice-Bokanowski hustled to the unions' support, thundering: "In the future, new foreign investment programs, particularly from U.S. firms, must be examined with greatest care."

In fact, Bokanowski was unlikely to do anything more than fume; he is one of the most pro-U.S. members of De Gaulle's Cabinet and, in any case, both French law and the reciprocal trade agreement between France and the U.S. bar him from doing much to curtail U.S. investment. But his anger reflected a failure on the part of G.M. and Remington to remember that they were operating in France—not the U.S. To Frenchmen as to many Europeans, ousting a man from his job is almost as serious as exiling him from his country. What really exercised Bokanowski was that G.M. and Remington had not warned him well in advance that they were contemplating such drastic action—which perhaps would have enabled him to step in with special aid for the firms.

By declining to call on the government for help, G.M. and Remington executives in France had lived up to their principles as free enterprisers. But they had also suffered a setback in public relations.

—The other three Châteaux Latour are: Chateau Lagarde and Chateau Haut-Latour. Both are owned by the family of U.S. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon.



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CINEMA

A Japanese Apocalypse

Yojimbo. In the movies, where every man is a genius until proven otherwise, only one director of recent years has not been proven otherwise: Japan's Akira Kurosawa. In *Rashomon*, *Seven Samurai* and *Throne of Blood* he displayed formidable powers as a moralist, an ironist, a calligraphist of violence. In *Ikiru*, one of cinema's rare great works of art, he revealed a rugged realism, an exquisite humanity, a sense for what is sublime in being human. Now, in a movie that is both a woe of a show and a masterpiece of misanthropy, Kurosawa emerges as a bone-cracking satirist who with red-toothed glee chews out his century as no dramatist has done since Bertolt Brecht.

The satire is blithely disguised. Contemporary civilization is reduced to a microcosm: a small Japanese town of the last century. And the story is presented as a phlegmatically funny parody of a Hollywood western. When the film begins, the town is divided, just as the modern world is divided, into two armed camps. In each of them, like a land-grabbing cattleman surrounded by gunmen, sits a vicious little warlord surrounded by swordsmen. Enter the hero (Toshiro Mifune), a strong, silent, shabby samurai whose sword is for hire and no questions asked. He looks the situation over, sheriff bullied, citizens-cowed, streets full of corpses, business at a standstill. Grimly he reflects: "Better it all these men were dead."

Well, why not? With grisly delight the samurai sets his sword to the first warlord, promptly betrays him to the second. Three men dead. Then he betrays the second to the first. Nine men dead. Then he provokes both sides to a pitched battle. Twenty or 30 men dead and the town in ruins. By hook or crook, trick or treat, the samurai assists the slaughter until, hilariously or horribly, everybody has eliminated everybody. With a grunt of solid satisfaction, the hero surveys the vacant

village and declares: "Now we'll have a little quiet in this town."

At this point, many customers will be wondering whether to laugh or scream. On second thoughts, most of them will decide to scream. Taken entire, *Yojimbo* is an appalling assault on the human animal and all his works. Of the scores of characters in the film, only five can pretend to be human beings. What's more, three of the five are stupid and cowardly, and the best of them, the noblest instance of mankind that Kurosawa can discover, is the mercenary samurai—a professional killer. Everybody else in the picture is lecherous, treacherous, venal or criminally insane. Moral: Humanity, drop dead!

Humanity may not take Kurosawa's advice, but anybody who sees this picture will be shaken by it. Rage like a gale, action like an avalanche roar out of the screen, leveling all resistance. The scenes are short, the story swift, the cutting terse. Like a giant cauldron the screen boils with life, and Kurosawa's telescopic lenses spooning deep, lift the depths to the surface and hurl the whole mess at the spectator's face. All the players play with successive intensity, but Mifune, a magnificent athlete-actor, dominates the scene. Looped in a soggy kimono, crusted with stubble and sweat, gliding like a tiger, scratching like an ape, he presents a ferocious and ironical portrait of a military monk, a Galahad with lice. Behind Mifune stands a script that develops with the intricate symbolic logic and violent inevitability of a folk epic, and behind the script, behind the actors, behind the camera stands a major talent and a massive moral force: Kurosawa.

To look at him, nobody would believe it. Tall, lithe, springy, togged in a sports shirt and a battered sailor cap turned inside out, Kurosawa at 52 looks more like a golf pro than a genius. But underneath the sailor cap stands a quiet, intense and stubbornly determined man who for a quarter

century has labored unremittingly at his art. Trained as a painter, Kurosawa got into the movie business almost by mistake. At 26 he casually entered an essay contest sponsored by a Japanese film studio, composed a shrewd polemic against the industry, was hired as an assistant director.

By 1950 Kurosawa had made ten pictures of his own—most of them crude, none of them weak. Then came *Rashomon* and with it prestige. Suddenly the slightly disreputable, startlingly productive Japanese film industry—which last year churned out 535 pictures while Hollywood was making 254—had an international reputation on its hands. "Emperor Kurosawa," they called him, and the emperor made ruthless use of his authority. He demanded complete artistic freedom, stretched his shooting schedules, bloated his budgets. The bankers screamed, but when they threatened to cut one of his films Kurosawa icily recommended: "Cut it lengthwise."

Free of financial worries, Kurosawa concentrates on creation. He works closely with his scriptwriters, finishes every film in his head before he starts to shoot—usually with three cameras at once. With his crew Kurosawa is curt; with his cast he is patient. He never scolds an actor—though once, when an actor infuriated him, he turned to a horse that was standing near by and bellowed in the poor brute's ear: "Idiot!" He tells his players what he wants in gestures and images—while making *Rashomon* he took Mifune to see a movie about Africa, and as a lion went gliding across the screen said quietly: "There's your killer."

In the cutting room, Kurosawa works every trick of the trade to achieve an effect of compacted intensity and demonic drive. A Kurosawa film is almost always a shattering, exhausting experience. His genius is excessive; he attempts to crowd the whole of life into every frame, and if the spectator cannot take the whole of life he can go take an aspirin. Kurosawa despises the traditional Japanese esthetic of "artless simplicity." His method and his values are more Western, more active, more individual. "You must have respect for everyone, no matter how unimportant he seems to be," says a character in one of his films, "because you cannot tell who he really is, you cannot tell what tremendous importance his little life may have for the whole of humanity."

In the individual Kurosawa sees all humanity, and his passion for the individual has made him both an incendiary and a firebringer, a revolutionary not in politics but of morals. "I am interested," he says simply, "in producing a better quality of man." The man he means is a man of large humanity who loves evil as well as good, who sees life drunkenly and sees it whole, who laughs with the grand laughter that accepts and brothers everything that breathes. But men cannot win to such wisdom without suffering, and in his films Kurosawa shows them what to suffer: the world as it is, themselves as they are.



MIFUNE (CENTER) AT WORK IN "YOJIMBO"

DIRECTOR KUROSAWA

Take life whole or take an aspirin.

BOOKS

Savage Vision

LETTERS FROM THE EARTH (303 pp.)—Mark Twain, edited by Bernard De Voto—Harper & Row (\$5.95).

Mark Twain's dazzling Missouri humor always had hints of despair. Dark brooding, crept into such cheerful works as *The Innocents Abroad* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; it filled later works like *The Mysterious Stranger*, virtually blotting out all gaiety. The last writing Twain did, in 1909, was such a lugubrious assault on man and God that Twain's surviving daughter, Clara Samossoud, refused to let it be published. In this, she followed the half-jesting advice of Twain himself. "Tomorrow," he wrote William Dean Howells, "I mean to dictate a chapter which will get my heirs and assigns burned alive if they venture to print it this side of A.D. 2006—which I judge they won't."

Considerably ahead of the year 2006, much of the banned material has now been published in *Letters from the Earth*—only incidentally in the face of Russian taunts that the U.S. had suppressed Twain's antireligious writings. *Letters* adds little toward an understanding of the contempt Twain showed for religion in earlier writings, and is less likely to shock the modern reader than he imagined. But never before had Twain launched his attacks with such savage and scatological humor: *Letters* is a sort of last testament aimed at making the Old and the New look like nothing so much as cosmic comic books.

Blood-Drenched Lies. Twain takes a humorist's advantage of the Bible: he makes the worst possible case for it by interpreting it as literally as possible. The crux of his complaint is his inability to reconcile a good God with all the suffering he saw in the world—an age-old problem that has bothered greater minds and produced greater musings. In the guise of Satan, Twain writes his letters to the Archangels Michael and Gabriel explaining the bizarre beliefs of mortals on a variety of topics.

On God: "It is most difficult to understand the disposition of the Bible God. It is such a confusion of contradictions; of watery instabilities and iron firmnesses; of goody-goody abstract morals made out of words, and concreted hell-born ones made out of acts; of fleeting kindnesses repented of in permanent malignities."

On the Bible: "It is full of interest. It has some noble poetry in it; and some clever fables; and some blood-drenched history; and some good morals; and a wealth of obscenity; and upwards of a thousand lies."

ON THE COMMANDMENTS: "The Bible does not allow adultery at all, whether a person can help it or not. No lady goat is safe from criminal assault, even on the Sabbath Day when there is a gentleman goat within three miles to leeward of her and nothing in the way but a fence fourteen feet high whereas neither the gentleman tortoise nor the lady tortoise is ever hungry enough for the solemn joys of fornication to be willing to break the Sabbath to get them. Now,



MARK TWAIN

Something was missing in Heaven,

according to man's curious reasoning, the goat has earned punishment, and the tortoise praise."

ON HEAVEN: "[Man] has imagined a heaven and has left entirely out of it the supremest of all his delights, the one ecstasy that stands first and foremost in the heart of every individual: sexual intercourse! Yet every pious person adores that heaven and wants to get into it. And when he is in a holy rapture he thinks that if he were only there he would take all the populace to his heart, and hug, and hug, and hug!"

Disease was an obsession of Twain's later years, and he devotes the most inspired pages of the *Letters* to it. In his version of the Biblical flood, he holds Noah to blame for disease. When Noah discovered he had left the disease-carrying fly ashore, he returned in the ark to pick it up. It was welcomed with "hymns of praise and gratitude; the Family standing meanwhile uncovered out of reverence for its divine origin. Thus was the sacred bird providentially preserved." Other malignant creatures join the flies aboard the ark: "Typhoid germs and cholera germs, and hydrophobia germs, and lockjaw germs, and consumption germs, and black-plague germs, and some

hundreds of other aristocrats, specially precious creatures, golden bearers of God's love to man, blessed gifts of the infatuated father to his children—all of which had to be sumptuously housed and richly entertained in the lungs, in the heart, in the brain, in the guts." Those that lodged in the large intestine sang a lusty hymn:

Constipation, O constipation,

The joyful sound proclaim

Till man's remotest entrail

Shall praise its maker's name.

Menacing Monsters. Compared with the *Letters*, the other humorous pieces in this volume—many of them published before—seem familiar and tepid. Only *The Great Dark*, an incomplete novel, rivals the *Letters*. It is beyond doubt the gloomiest writing ever done by Twain: a parable of the dismal fate awaiting happy lives. A father buys a microscope for his children. He wonders what life would be like inside a drop of water on the slide, and presto, the whole family finds itself aboard a ship plowing these microscopic waters. Real life has become a dream; reality is an endless voyage on an ever-dark sea filled with menacing monsters. Ultimately, the drop dries up and the family is roasted by the white glare from the light of the microscope. Twain did not need religion's hell; he knew how to create his own.

Twain's bleak outlook in his old age was shaped partly by personal tragedy: in the period of a few years, his wife and two daughters died. But Twain was also a 19th century American romantic with a romantic's aversion to civilized society and—since he saw God only as a creation of man—to organized religion. His hostility deepened as the years went by. Probably his own idea of heaven was escaping mankind and drifting, alongside Huck and Jim, down a lonely, peaceful river.

Back to the Lode

A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE (603 pp.)—Allen Drury—Doubleday (\$6.95).

Allen Drury did two things when he began to make his fortune with *Advise and Consent*, a fascinating first novel about a fight in the U.S. Senate to reject the President's nominee for Secretary of State. First, he quit the New York Times. Second, knowing a mother lode when he struck one, he began a sequel to the book that has sold 2,350,000 copies in hard covers and paperbacks and been made into a play and a movie. In bulk, *A Shade of Difference* nearly matches *Advise and Consent*: 603 pp. v. 616. But in pace and power, it falls far short of *Advise*.

Terrible Terry. *Advise and Consent* left the nation dangling in perilous circumstance. The Russians had just landed on the moon and ominously summoned the U.S. to Geneva for a conference. The death of the President had thrust

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Photo: The Administration of the Detroit Historical Museum



ALLEN DRURY
Slow going in the West.

command upon Harley M. Hudson, the harmless nincompoop of a Vice President. As *A Shade of Difference* begins, the demands of the presidency have put some steel into Harley's spine, and the U.S. has put some men on the moon. When the Russians give the U.S. a choice between surrendering or being annihilated by an attack from the moon, Harley stands up to the Reds. The Russians are cowed, the West is saved, and Drury, having made a dutiful pass at bridging his two books, turns to a brand-new theme.

The man who cranks the new plot into action is His Royal Highness Terence ("Terrible Terry") Wolowol Ajkaie, a 6-ft.-7-in. African native who is the ambitious leader of the British protectorate of Gorotoland. To make a name for himself, Terrible Terry pops up in South Carolina on the tense first day of school integration. Dressed in his tribal robes, he picks up a little Negro girl and touches off a riot by carrying her up the school steps through a blockading mob of screaming white harridans.

Like Errant Satellites. With that, a wily Panamanian introduces a resolution in the U.N. condemning the U.S. for discrimination and ordering a U.N. investigation of U.S. racial practices. To head off this vote, the Administration persuades a young Negro Congressman named Cullee Hamilton to propose a joint resolution on Capitol Hill that would apologize to Terrible Terry, grant Gorotoland \$10 million in hard money and promise to speed up integration. Subplots and sub-subplots whirl around these two resolutions like so many errant satellites; the chapters stretch on and on. In the end Congress adopts Hamilton's proposal and the U.N. appeased by the act turns down the Panamanian's resolution.

The strength of *Advice and Consent*

was Drury's narrative skill, which played off character against character in sharply focused scenes, and the sharp insider's insight into Washington and the U.S. Senate that provided much of the book's fascination. In *A Shade of Difference* onetime U.N. Correspondent Drury fails to make the U.N. come alive in the same crackling way, and often mires his story in mawkish melodrama and details so fine that they manage to be tedious rather than interesting. Maybe the U.N. is that way, and Author Drury could not help himself. But the reader who managed to sit through Drury's long Senate sessions with rapt attention is more likely to doze when the U.N.'s machinery starts grinding.

Nightshade Must Fall

WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE (214 pp.)—Shirley Jackson—Viking (\$3.95).

Shirley Jackson is a kind of Virginia Woolf among the science-fiction writers. By day, amiably disguised as an embattled mother, she devotes her artful talents to the real-life confusions of the four small children (*Life Among the Savages*, *Raising Demons*) in her Vermont household. But when shadows fall and the little ones are safely tucked in, Author Jackson pulls down the deadly nightshade and is off. With exquisite subtlety she then explores a dark world (*The Lottery*, *Hangsamen*, *The Haunting of Hill House*) in which the usual brooding old houses, fetishes, poisons, poltergeists and psychotic females take on new dimensions of chill and dementia under her black-magical writing skill and infra-red feminine sensibility.

The deranged but enchanting mentality that Author Jackson has chosen this time belongs to Mary Katherine ("Merricat" Blackwood)—actual age 18, mental age a precocious twelve. "I like my sister



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Constance, and Richard Plantagenet," she reflects, "and *Amanita phalloides*, the death-cup mushroom." She is a gentle child who promises herself to be kinder to her Uncle Julian. She is already kind enough to Constance and to her enigmatic cat Jonas. But for some reason she is never allowed to touch knives.

With bizarre hints and happenings (when Merricat orders a leg of lamb at the local store, the other customers gasp with horror) Miss Jackson tantalizingly builds up a picture of a household besieged by anger from without and fear from within. Creating a cross-rough of curiosity—backward in time to whatever dreadful event has brought the Blackwoods to their present predicament, forward to some nameless but newly foreshadowed disaster in the future—the book manages the ironic miracle of convincing the reader that a house inhabited by a lunatic, a poisoner and a pyromaniac is a world more rich in sympathy, love and subtlety than the real world outside.

When one of the inmates has a chance to free herself and, in a skillful variation on the close of Henry James's *Washington Square*, refuses to answer the beckoning call of normality, her final turning back to the house somehow seems wise and fitting. "I sat very quietly," Merricat reflects, describing not only a conversation she had with Constance but the kind of communion that exists between them. "listening to what she had almost said." What Miss Jackson's characters really do and say, however, offers enough diversion even without reading between or behind their lines:

Merricat: I wonder if I could eat a child?

Constance: I doubt if I could cook one. This exchange should provide any reflective reader with some food for thought.

Love in Venice

WHAT A WAY TO GO (310 pp.)—Wright Morris—Atheneum [\$5].

Veteran Novelist Wright Morris' new book is a kind of Cook's tour of literary themes and cultural scenes that have recently proved captivating to American consumers. It has a collection of bizarre travelers on a sea voyage (*Ship of Fools*), a love story between professorial January and a relentlessly teen-aged May (*Lolita*), and sightseeing trips through Venice, Corfu and Athens (Greece, after all, is the In place to visit). Despite all this shifting scenery, *What a Way to Go* never really gets moving. But thanks to Author Morris' gift for cleverness and crazy characterization, it does have its moments as a bookish tour de farce.

Wash-and-Wear Ulysses. The Ulysses of this uneven Odyssey is Professor Arnold Soby, a burnt-out romantic case (his young wife had died years before) with little left but his literary allusions. Enriched with irony, hobbled by a pedagogue's inability to face life except in terms of art, Soby nevertheless fancies himself a secret worshiper of the wisdom

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of the body—for him symbolized by the bacchic visions that lured Gustav Aschenbach, the aging hero of Thomas Mann's famous novella, *Death in Venice*, to a debasing but idyllic passion for a beautiful young boy.

Properly girt about with wash-and-wear shirts, Soby sets sail for Venice and is set upon by a pair of memorable literary harpies: Miss Mathilde Kollwitz, a mosquito-sized Winnetka music teacher who perennially knits a succession of moose-sized sweaters, and Miss Winifred Throop, a mountainous ex-headmistress who wears a red wig as proudly as she does her overgrown schoolgirl's faith in True Love.

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WRIGHT MORRIS
A bookish tour de force.

(which soon turns out to be Miss Throop's 17-year-old niece), Soby endures, besides the company of these two ladies, all manner of other trials. He tears around the Mediterranean to rescue an old tomat (symbolically named Aschenbach). He outwaits a series of grotesque fellow-tourist suitors who make fools of themselves by groveling before the peanut-butter-and-raisin-bread-chomping child as if paying homage to a Greek goddess.

Grotesque Coupling. Soby's main impediment to love, however, is inside himself, in his own acute sense of the silliness and messiness of such a grotesque coupling. At last, in an outrageous love scene in a wildly heaving, water-sloshed state-room, Soby cures himself of squeamishness and abandons himself to the delight of degradation and—to him—the inevitable degradation of delight.

Author Morris tells what may be the third-oldest story in the world too slowly, but with an engaging cheerfulness and a worldly man's willingness to make the most of past masters. His multileveled literary pastiche has the changeable charm of a pousse-café.

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